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The White Chief of the Ottawa

By Bertha Wright Carr-Harris

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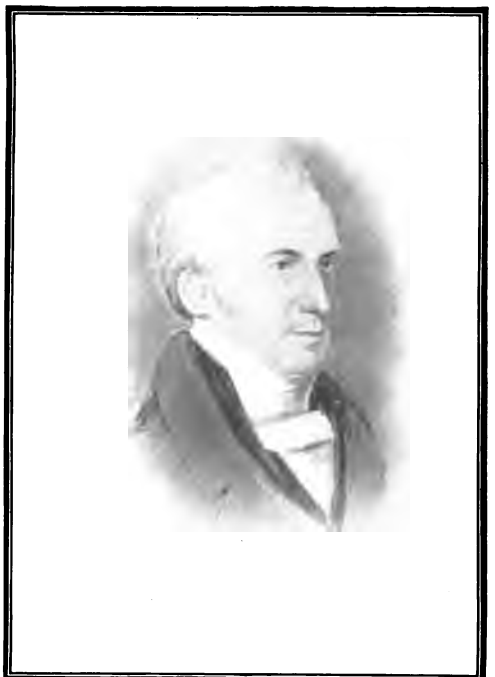

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MRS. WRIGHT.

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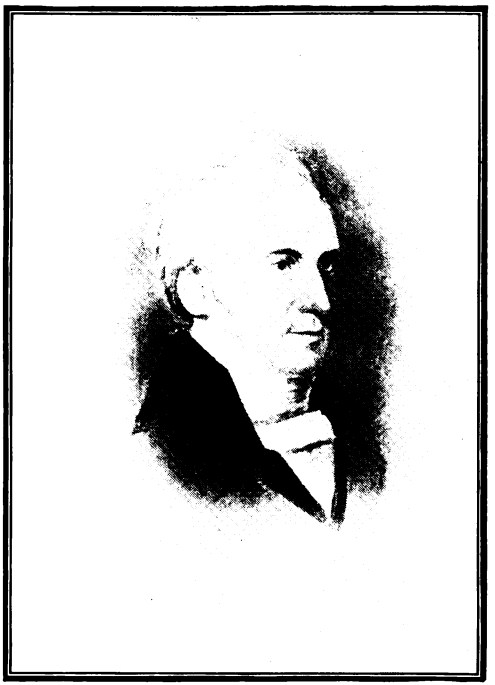

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White Chief of the Ottawa

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... Wright Carr-Harris

... with seven full-page illustrations
by John ...

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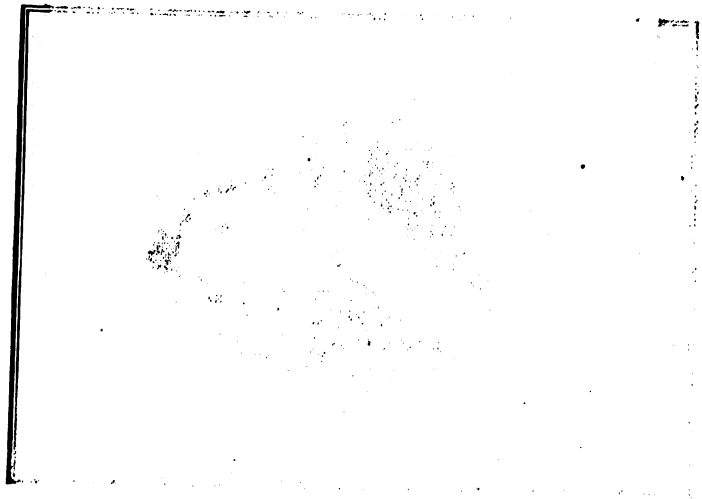

The White Chief of the Ottawa

... By ...

Bertha Wright Carr-Harris

With seven full-page illustrations
by John Innes

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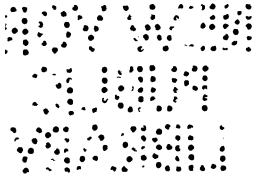


PREFACE.

"THE White Chief of the Ottawa" is not fiction. It is not a tale with a carefully concealed plot, meant to delude the reader at the beginning and to surprise him at the end. It is something stranger than fiction, a sketch of the life experiences of Philemon Wright and his family, the first settlers in the district of Ottawa. With the exception of the love of Abbie and Chrissy, which are based upon fact, the story is mainly a simple recital of actual facts which cannot be controverted.

The writer is indebted to the following for furnishing valuable data :

Diary and letters of Philemon Wright, 1806-1816.

Bouchette's Topographical Report.

" Travels in the North "—Sir Alexander Mackenzie, 1803.

Forsyth 31 Mar. 1932

"Three Years in Canada"—McTaggart, 1830.

"Shoe and Canoe"—Dr. Bigsby.

Parkman's History of Canada.

Also to traditions of old settlers collected at various times and places. May some of the pictures set forth in these pages inspire us with an ever-deepening appreciation of the self-sacrifice, the energy, the enterprise, of those whose loyalty to the British Crown led them to penetrate the dark recesses of our Canadian forests and brave the trials and vicissitudes of pioneer life.

To these conquering heroes Canada owes much of her prosperity and greatness.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A Weird Ceremony	9
II.	The White Chief	16
III.	Newitchewagan	28
IV.	An Indian Suitor	39
V.	Chrissy	45
VI.	Gay Voyageurs	53
VII.	"A Ministering Angel, Thou"	67
VIII.	Convent Days	81
IX.	The New Tutor	99
X.	Tobacco Offerings	106
XI.	Snares	114
XII.	Mrs. Bancroft's Sugaring Off	121
XIII.	Accidental and Confidential	134
XIV.	Machecawa Scalps the Englishman	141
XV.	A Romantic Wedding	150
XVI.	A Perilous Journey	160
XVII.	A Double Tragedy	169
XVIII.	An Exciting Moose Hunt	179
XIX.	After Many Days	199
XX.	Found Out	218
XXI.	Rideau Hall in the Thirties	227
XXII.	Light at Eventide	247

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Philemon Wright and Mrs. Wright . *Frontispiece*	
"He stood there, a colossal statue in bronze" .	12
"Oh, Machecawa, my brother, it is not well that you grieve"	36
"Soon twelve canoes rounded the headland" . .	54
"When Martin came up I went down" . . .	92
Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau and Madame Papineau	106
"The Chief proceeded to throw the tobacco into the Chaudière"	110
Colonel By	179
"I remained behind the tree, dodging round" .	189
Hon. Thomas MacKay	227

The White Chief of the Ottawa.

CHAPTER I.

A WEIRD CEREMONY.

1800.

"DE Beeg Chief he want to know, heem, by what autorité you fellers, you, cut down hees wood and tak' hees lan'?"

The speaker was a trapper named Brown, who had been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for many years, and, though English by birth, spoke a mixed dialect, owing to his association with French trappers and traders and to the influence of his squaw wife. He had, however, retained a sufficient knowledge of English to be able to act as interpreter.

"Tell him," replied the leader of a group of settlers, "that the great father who lives on the other side of the water and Sir John Johnson, of Quebec, have authorized us to take this land."

"He say, heem," continued the interpreter, as he squirted the juices of his quid on the bronze carpet of pine needles, "dat you must tink dat dese chute and reever he want for hees beesnesse, an hees papoose she want eat someteeng. He want dis place, heem, pour chassé le mooshrat an' de moose, mak' le soucre an' ketch de feesh, an' hees afeard dat you tak' hees beaver, kill hees deer, break hees sucreries. You cut down hees tree *for shure* you kill hees beesnesse."

"The tools and materials we brought," replied the stranger, "are not for hunting or fishing, but for clearing land, and we shall endeavour to protect your beaver and fishing-grounds; but as for the sugaries, we must make use of them, because the land has already been given us, and if you will collect all your materials for making sugar we shall pay cash for them."

"De Beeg Chief he say," continued Brown, "dat white man seem *bien bon*, an' dat he will be so wit heem, an' if he pay cinq Louis he am geeve up all claim to de lan'."

"Very well," said the stranger, "we shall pay them *thirty* pounds if they will produce a deed or title to the lands."

"He comprends pas,"* said the interpreter. "L'agrément she was mak wit de fadder of hees fadder."

*Understands not.

Drawing a paper from his pocket the stranger read as follows:

"The Indians have consented to relinquish all claim to the land, in compensation for which they receive annual grants from the Government, which shall be withheld if they molest settlers."

For a time no one spoke, then the Big Chief, in a calm, deliberate and thoughtful manner, addressed the interpreter, who said:

"For shure he dunno, heem, how white man mak' dat papier hear an' speak dem words of long tam. Dis man he hav' someteeng dat he comprends pas."

A long consultation then took place among the dusky sons of the forest, and once more the interpreter turned to the stranger and said:

"Our tribe she tink like dis—Eenglishman he got someteeng he comprends pas at all; mabbe, he say, she wan beeg *loup garou*,* and he tink it am better to be bon ami an' leeve in de sam' place dan be bad ennemi; so he am mak' you chief an' be de bess frien'."

The words were hardly finished when the Big Chief Machecawa (the strong one) advanced with slow and stately tread and implanted a kiss on the brow of the stranger. The Chief was a man

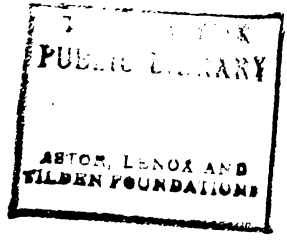
* An indescribable monster, supposed to have supernatural powers.

in the prime of life, of great height and strength. As he stood there, still and motionless, he looked like a colossal statue in bronze, a perfect model, from his feathered head-dress to his beaded moccasins. He was followed by several subordinate chiefs who did likewise.

The Chief then spread a piece of well-dressed moose-skin, neatly painted, before him on the ground, upon which he opened a curious skin bag containing several mysterious looking articles, the principal one being a small carved image about eight inches long. Its first covering was of down, over which a piece of birch bark was closely tied, and the whole was enveloped in several folds of red and blue cloth. This little figure was evidently an object of the most pious regard. The next article taken from the bag was his war cap, which was decorated with feathers and plumes of rare birds, the claws of beaver, eagles, etc. Suspended from it was a quill for every enemy whom the owner had slain in battle. The remaining contents of the bag were a piece of tobacco and a pipe.

These articles all being exposed, and the stem of the pipe arranged upon two forks so as not to touch the ground, Machecawa motioned to his white brother to sit down opposite to him. The pipe was then filled and attached to the stem. A pair of wooden pinchers was provided to put

"He stood there, a colossal statue in bronze."—*p. 12.*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fire into it. All arrangements having been completed, the Indians gathered round in a circle, awe and solemnity pervading all, while a subordinate chief, O'Jawescawa, took up the pipe, lighted it, and presented it to Machecawa, who received it standing and held it between both hands. He then turned to the east and drew a few whiffs which he blew to that point. The same ceremony was performed to the other three quarters, with his eyes directed upward during the whole of it. Then holding the stem about the middle between the three first fingers of both hands, and raising them upon a line with his forehead, he swung it three times round from the east with the sun, when, after pointing and balancing it in various directions, he laid it upon the forks. He then made a speech acknowledging past mercies and expressing the confidence that the blessing of peace would attend all their dealings with the stranger, upon whom he would now confer the title of "Wabisca Onodis," the White Chief.

He then sat down, while the whole company declared their approbation and thanks by uttering the word "Ho," with an emphatic prolongation of the last letter.

O'Jawescawa then took up the pipe and held it to the mouth of Machecawa, who, after smoking three whiffs out of it, uttered a short prayer

and then went round with it, taking his course from east to west, to every man present, both Indians and white men, who could confidently affirm that they entertained no grudge against any of the assembled party, until the pipe was smoked out, when, after turning it three or four times round his head, he dropped it downwards and replaced it in its original position.

Machecawa then approached the stranger and the little band who were with him and uttered a short guttural sound, which the interpreter said meant, "Come and eat."

To refuse would be a grave offence, so the invitation was accepted by all, who followed the Big Chief through a narrow and winding path, which led to a small lake midway between the Gatineau River and the Chaudiere Falls. They arranged themselves in front of a number of huts made of bent boughs, some of which were covered with bark and some with deerskin, securely sewed and stretched tight as a drum. Following the example of the Indians they squatted on the ground in a circle.

Surrounded by a chattering group of squaws sat Newitchewagan, the wife of the Chief, with a child between her knees, while she hunted through the jungle of his hair with destroying thumb and finger. One old squaw, who was kneeling under a tree rubbing and

twisting a moccasin between her hands, paused to fill her mouth with water, which she spurted in repeated jets over the moccasin. A little papoose, strapped to a flat piece of wood about three feet long spread with soft moss, was suspended to a branch of a tree. It crowed and laughed quite merrily as it was swayed to and fro by the cold wind. While the feast was in course of preparation the new Chief and his friends were entertained by songs of a most melancholy nature.

It was a strange scene that presented itself that cold and frosty evening in March. The snow-drifts were covered with a crust of frozen sleet, which crunched beneath the tread of moccasined feet. The bare branches of the maples were encased in ice, with long icicles attached, which glistened and reflected like a prism the rays of the setting sun. Small troughs of basswood, hollowed out in the middle by burning, stood at the trunk of almost every tree to catch the sap, which had ceased to run for several days owing to the "cold snap" which had taken place in the weather.

"How do you make sugar without pots?" asked the new Chief of the interpreter.

Pointing to a green hardwood stump he explained, in broken English, that the squaws burned a deep hole in the centre, into which

they poured the sap which they had gathered. Stones heated on the fire were then dropped into the wooden cauldron, which caused the sap to boil. This operation was repeated until it was reduced to sugar.

There was little variation in the dress of the grotesque figures gathered round the fire. All had strips of deerskin tightly bound round their legs instead of trousers, and which were never removed unless to replace with new ones. Two aprons, one behind and one before, were fastened around their waist by girdles. Short shirts made of skin were fastened at the neck and arms, and were removed while portaging or paddling. They had very little hair—only a tuft on the top of the head, which was stuck full of feathers, wings and shells. Not a man among them could boast of a beard. The squaws were dressed in much the same fashion, except that the aprons were a trifle longer than those worn by the men, and their coarse black hair floated in the breeze.

Soon a young squaw drew from the ashes the charred remains of fully a score of partridges, which had not been divested of feathers nor cleaned internally. On removing the outer covering of charred feathers and ashes, she laid one for each man present before the Big Chief, who, with great solemnity, cast the first one into

the fire as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, the Master of Life. Pieces of bear-steak, which had been sizzling before the fire, were then served, while the Chief entertained his guests with strange monotonous songs, accompanied by the "shishiquoi," or rattle.

Full justice having been done to these and other Indian delicacies, Machecawa addressed the new Chief, the interpretation of his remarks being as follows:

"Our white brother will never inspire his enemies with feelings of awe or fear if he does not wear war-paint. Will the white-faced stranger consent to let us use our brush so as to make him such an object of terror that even his enemies will flee from him?"

"No! No!! No!!!" said the new Chief. "Soot and grease and ochre are for Indians, not for white men."

Whereupon the Indian said: "It is the custom of our chiefs to chose a manitou, who will protect them in times of danger and who will give them success in the chase."

"Tell them," replied the new Chief, "that the white man's Manitou is a Great Spirit whom we call 'Our Father,' and he saves and keeps and protects us by night and by day."

"Will the new Chief then permit us to graven on his body the form of this Great Spirit?"

"The form of the Spirit has been engraven on my body," he replied, "when He created me in His likeness."

The little group of settlers observed that a white dog, the mystic animal of many tribes, was being tied to the end of an upright pole. Presently the Chief, in a loud voice, began to pray to the 'Great Spirit Father,' the new Chief's Manitou, begging Him to accept the living sacrifice about to be offered. The Indians then rushed upon the animal in a state of frenzy and began to devour the raw, quivering flesh. This weird ceremony was a mystery to the assembled whites, and remained a mystery for some time.

This concluded the ceremonies of the day, and the new Chief and his friends returned to their shanties on the banks of the Ottawa, near the western point of the Gatineau, loaded with glory and Indian hospitality.

CHAPTER II.

THE WHITE CHIEF.

1800.

THE hero of our sketch, Philemon Wright, was a man forty years of age. In appearance he was of a strong, broad build, and stood six feet in his stockings. A wealth of flaxen hair was brushed straight back from a high and noble brow. His face was profoundly meditative. Thick eyebrows shaded the eyes, which were wonderfully quick, observant and penetrating. His features indicated goodness and energy, strength of will and determination. His muscles were the envy of all who felt them.

Like all superior men, Philemon Wright nourished long his projects, but decision once made he set himself to realize them with ardor, obstacles only serving to intensify his energy, for he employed all the resources of his spirit and inflexible will to triumph over them. He was a worthy descendant of the men of Kent who followed Harold to victory through difficulties which to others would have been insurmountable.

His father, Thomas Wright, having sold his estates in Kent, settled in Woburn, twenty miles from Boston, in 1760, where Philemon, the fifth and youngest son, was born shortly afterwards. While a mere lad of fifteen he saw active service in the Revolutionary War, in the vicinity of Boston and New York, taking up arms as a British subject against the short-sighted rulers of the Motherland in the vain hope of wresting from them the rights which the revolutionists considered were their due.

Philemon married, at twenty-two, a Miss Wyman, of Irish descent, whose grand-nephews, Rufus and Joseph Choate, have since played so conspicuous a place in the drama of American history, and had seven promising children, who were known familiarly as Phil, Bearie, Chrissy, Abbie, Christie, Mary and Rug.

Philemon Wright was a man of indomitable courage, enterprise, industry and perseverance, and had acquired considerable property in the neighborhood of Boston. Finding a better market in Canada for farm produce, he went every fall to Montreal, and in 1796 determined to go on a tour of exploration on the Grand River, or the Utawas, as the Ottawa was then called.

A few settlements then existed for the first forty-five miles, up to the Long Sault Rapids,

but beyond this point the seventy-five or eighty miles was a complete wilderness. He found that this part of the country was entirely unknown to the inhabitants of Montreal, excepting, of course, to the employees of the two great fur-trading companies, though its immense resources of fine timber were, he said, "sufficient to furnish supplies for any foreign market, even to load one thousand vessels."

Prominent members of the fur companies in Montreal drew his attention to their printed report, which stated that there was not five hundred acres of arable land on the extensive banks of the whole river.

"It may be to your interests to keep the Grand River from becoming settled," he said, "but you may bet your best beaver-skin on this, that there is at least five hundred thousand acres of uncleared land fit for cultivation on the banks of the Grand River.

In 1797 he again visited Canada, and examined the country from Quebec to Montreal, on both sides of the St. Lawrence, and then up the Ottawa as far as the Chaudiere Falls, studying carefully the navigation of the Ottawa, and its fitness for settlement.

In 1798 this enterprising but cautious man paid his third visit to his future home, and returned to Massachusetts with a full determination to

commence a settlement. He failed, however, to inspire his neighbors with his own confidence in the scheme, and he therefore selected two respectable men from among them, and hired them to go with him the following summer to examine and report on what they saw. Their report, which was afterwards published in the *Canadian Magazine* of September, 1824, is as follows:

"We spent twenty days in October in exploring the Township of Hull. We climbed to the top of one hundred or more trees to view the situation of the country, which we accomplished in the following manner: We cut smaller trees in such a way as to fall slanting and to lodge in the branches of the larger ones, which we ascended until we arrived at the top. By this means we were enabled to view the country and also the timber, and by the timber we could judge the nature of the soil, which we found to answer our expectations. After having examined well the nature of the township, we descended the river and arrived, after much fatigue, at Montreal."

The report was so satisfactory to the people of Woburn that Mr. Wright was able to hire as many as he wished for the new settlement.

It was fully five hundred miles from Woburn to the Chaudiere, but the nineteenth century

was hardly a month old when the little band braved the journey. Their leader assumed all risks himself, and with twenty-five men, five families, having a membership of thirty, fourteen horses, eight oxen, and seven sleighs loaded with mill irons, agricultural implements, carpenters' tools, household effects, provisions, left the quiet New England village. The route taken was the old stage road from Boston to Montreal, which passed through Woburn to Haverhill, thence to Concord, thence northwestward along the shore of Lake Memphremagog to Montreal, which was reached on the ninth day.

Montreal at that time was a very gloomy-looking little town, with a population of about seven thousand. It was surrounded by an old wall about fifteen feet high, with battlements and other fortifications. The houses were mostly built of grey stone, with sheet-iron roofs and iron window shutters, which gave them a prison-like appearance. The streets were narrow and crooked. Traineaux drawn by French ponies, and toboggans loaded with furs and drawn by several dogs in tandem, were frequently seen in the streets when this brave little band of New Englanders gazed in wonder upon the old historic French town.

The caravan then wended its way towards

the north shore of the Ottawa. Its progress at first was slow, making only fifteen miles a day for the first three days, owing to the sleighs being wider than those used in Canada. On the third day they had reached the foot of the Long Sault and the terminus of the road. They were eighty miles from their destination, in a wilderness of snow and ice, and with no trace of a road.

"We proceeded to the head of the Sault," said Mr. Wright, in relating their experiences in the House of Assembly in 1820, "observing before night came on to fix upon some spot near water to encamp for the night, where there were no dry trees to fall upon us or our cattle. Then we cleared away the snow and cut down trees for fire for the night, the women and children sleeping in covered sleighs, the men with blankets around the fire, and the cattle made fast to the standing trees; and I never saw men more cheerful and happy, having no landlord to call upon them for expenses and no unclean floors to sleep upon, but the sweet ground which belongs to our Sovereign. We always prepared sufficient refreshment for the following day, so as to lose no time on our journey when daylight appeared. We kept our axemen forward cutting the road, and our foraging team next, and the

families in the rear. In this way we proceeded on for three or four days, observing to look out for a good place for our camp, until we arrived at the head of the Long Sault, from whence we travelled the whole distance upon the ice until we reached our destination. My guide was unacquainted with the ice, as our former journeys were by water. We went very slowly lest we might lose our cattle, keeping the axemen forward trying every rod of the ice, which was covered with snow.

" I cannot pass over this account," continued Mr. Wright, " without referring to a *sauvage*, from whom we received great kindness. We met him with his wife drawing a child upon a bark sleigh. They looked at us with astonishment. They viewed us as though we had come from the clouds, walking around our teams and trying to talk with us concerning the ice, but not a word could we understand. We then observed him giving directions to his squaw, who immediately left him and went to the woods, while he proceeded to the head of our company, without promise of fee or reward, with his small axe trying the ice at almost every step. We proceeded in this way without meeting with any accident for about six days, when we arrived safely at the township of Hull. We

had some trouble in cutting the brush and ascending the height, which is about twenty feet from the water. Our *sauvage*, after seeing us safely up the bank, spent the night with us and made us to understand that he must return to his squaw and child, and after receiving presents for his great services, took his departure."

What must have been the feelings of the pioneer settlers when they beheld for the first time the magnificent scenery of the Chaudiere, before its wild beauty was defaced by the woodman's axe or its sparkling waters used in slides and mill-races?

Three openings loomed up before them—the most distant one, to the left, a broad half-rapid, half-cascade, sweeping down among islands of pines; the middle passage seemed very narrow and carried away in a sort of creamy foam the waters of the Chaudiere proper; while the nearer or right passage led by a winding route to a rocky cove at the beginning of the portage road. Surely never had they beheld anything so picturesque, so indescribably grand, as it appeared to them on that bright and frosty evening! The precipices and rocky gorge of the opposite shore, green with pine and cedar to the river's brink, and covered with a mantle of beautiful snow; the volume of water, tossed,

broken, dashed into foam, which floated down like miniature icebergs on the mighty rushing current till the natural ice-bridge was reached, made a scene not soon to be forgotten. The turrets, domes and battlements of the Dominion House of Parliament, which in a few short years was destined to crown the opposite cliffs, were a dream beyond the wildest imagination of our Pioneer.

CHAPTER III.

NEWITCHEWAGAN.

1802.

TWO years had slipped away. The ice moon had given place to the crescent whirlwind moon. The wild duck and geese had long since ceased their plash, plash in the water opposite "The Wigwam," as the children delighted to call their new home in the forest. The noble rivers, the picturesque falls, the monarchs of the forest towering heavenwards, the fragrance of pine and cedar, the lakes and rivers teeming with fish and fowl and fur-bearing animals, seemed to the children of the new Chief a paradise; nor were they alone in their views. The stern realities of pioneer life made it none the less enchanting to the man who gloried in overcoming difficulties and in braving hardships in one of the greatest conquests undertaken by man—the wresting of a wilderness from savagery to civilization.

The "Wigwam" was situated in the midst of an estate of twenty-two thousand acres, part of which had been received as a grant, but the greater portion being purchased from the Gov-

ernment, for the Chief had by no means suffered losses such as many U. E. Loyalists had borne, having brought with him a capital of nearly fifty thousand dollars.

The new home presented a strange contrast to the cosy, comfortable New England farm-house. It was built of undressed tamarac logs in true rustic shanty fashion. The chinks between the logs and scoops of the roof were "caulked" with moss, driven in with a thin pointed handspike, over which a rude plaster of blue clay was daubed. The chimney was very wide and low, and was built above a huge boulder which formed the back of the fire-place. There was no upper story to the rude dwelling, which was partitioned off into bedrooms at each end, with a large living room, kitchen, dining-room all in one, in the centre.

A wild night had set in. It seemed as though all nature had gone mad. The wind struggled with doors and windows for an entrance to the humble home, but only served to intensify the warmth and light and joy within, for it made the great fire roar and crackle the merrier.

A group of happy children were popping corn before the glowing coals. Near them sat the Chief and Mrs. Wright conversing together in a low voice. Laying down her knitting, the latter looked earnestly into her husband's face.

"Philemon, Philemon," she said sadly, "How much more wisdom you are manifesting in the breaking-in of the farm colts than in the training of the boys. I am beginning to fear that you will be much better served by the former than by the latter. If you would but exercise your God-given authority over them and uphold mine we might hope for better results. The boys are getting beyond control, and why? Because, though I am teaching them in theory the right way, you are not insisting upon the practice of such theories. Words will not curb the exuberance of spirits nor check the waywardness of a young horse. If left to himself he will go where he wills. He must be trained with gentleness, but with firmness, and so with our children."

"My dear," he said, "your ideals are above me, and are as unlikely to be adopted by ordinary men of the world as the ideals of John Bunyan or Richard Baxter."

"I see, I see," she said, with a voice thrilling with emotion. "You hold up before them hopes of future greatness or wealth as a stimulant to goodness, studiousness, industry, that they may become 'ordinary men of the world.' My ambition has ever been to train them for God and His service."

"And you propose to do that," he said, coldly, "by coersion, canings, imprisonments, fines."

"Not at all," she replied. "A child trained from infancy in habits of obedience can generally be managed without chastisement and will obey from a sense of duty rather than from fear of chastisement."

"All very beautiful in theory," said the father, with a yawn, as he stretched himself to his full length, "but the Indian theory in my opinion is the best. They allow their children to do as they please and never check them, and what is the result? A self-reliant, independent people; a people who have not been deprived of strength of character or will power by constant subjection to the will of others; a people who, until spoiled by contact with unchristian whites, have followed the dictates of conscience rather than a code of prohibitory laws; a people who scorn mean, dishonorable transactions."

"Of two things I am convinced," said Mrs. Wright, thoughtfully, "'a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame,' and his father also, for that matter, and that if we secure the formation of right principles at an early age we may with confidence give them their emancipation long before they grow up."

Suddenly the door opened and an Indian entered. Though covered with snow from head to foot, they recognized the chief, Mąchecawa. Without a word he drew through the open door

a toboggan, upon which lay his squaw in an almost dying condition. At her bosom was a tiny babe, two days old.

Newitchewagan had had a severe chill. He had given her a vapor bath by heating boulders in the fire, dashing water on them, over which he had held her suspended in a blanket. For a time she seemed better, but not having sufficient covering, the keen north wind had caused a recurrence of chills, and notwithstanding the conjuring and charms of her friends she was evidently fast sinking, and the Chief, in his hour of sorrow, had fled for help to Mrs. Wright (whom the Indians regarded as possessing mysterious healing power), in the vain hope of finding some new way of saving her.

Mingled expressions of astonishment and pity came into the face of the mother of the household as she hastily left her seat by the side of her husband and assisted in removing the poor squaw to a comfortable bed.

Though not a popular type of New England beauty, there was a something about Mrs. Wright a certain expression so subtle as to escape definition, which gave her presence a strong personal magnetism, while her dignity and a marked grace of manner gave her an individuality which proclaimed her a queen among women. She was a woman of high

ideals. "I fear not," she said, in a letter to her sister, "the wolves whose dismal howls echo and re-echo every night through the forest; I fear not the savages who walk into our home with as little ceremony as though it were their own; I fear not sickness nor death in this wilderness so far from medical aid. One thing only I fear, that I may fail in my duty to my husband, my children and my neighbors."

Her husband's "worldliness," her sons' lack of interest in religious matters and their tendency to adopt the language and expressions of the low and the vicious, afforded matter for constant reproof, rebuke and exhortation. Her efforts to develop in her children the highest ideals of Christian manhood and womanhood were not fully appreciated by the Chief, who was too feudal in his views of woman to understand a life like hers. The phenomenon of a woman superior to himself in mind and soul had never ceased to be a matter of perplexity to him. Her ideals were beyond his comprehension. He had not arrived at the conclusion that a wife should be allowed free scope for the exercise of her own individuality. Her position in the home was one of utter subjection and servitude. She was permitted to have no will but his, no plans but his, and to have no ideas but his. At the marriage ceremony "they two

were made one," and that one was her lord and master.

Mrs. Wright's interest was not confined to her own family circle, for, notwithstanding the constant pressure of home duties, she had "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize," and to the Indians and early settlers in their loneliness, their sorrows and sufferings, she was a mother, and more than a mother, for she was the only physician, the only clergyman, the only teacher that the little colony possessed for the first few years of its struggling existence. Her medical book and case of medicines, a gift from Dr. Green, of Woburn, brought relief to many sufferers. Her library, consisting of such volumes as "The Pilgrim's Progress," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Young's "Night Thoughts," Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs," did much to enlighten, if not to cheer, darkened souls, while from the newest Boston school-books she trained the youth of the settlement in the elementary principles of the arts and sciences.

Such was the woman whom Machecawa sought in his hour of extremity.

All night long the noble chieftain of his people sat by the bedside with downcast eyes. The wind, having spent its force and fury,

moaned and sobbed round the house; the flickering light from the hearth cast strange, weird shadows upon the wall when Newitchewagan opened her large dark eyes, gently stroked the little black head on her bosom, and with one affectionate look at him who had been her companion in hardships, heaved a deep sigh and was gone.

Machecawa, without uttering a word, hastily left the Wigwam, and in a short time returned with his face blackened and with several squaws, who tore their hair, scattered ashes on their heads, and raised their voices in wailing. They arranged to have the burial service take place in the evening, and it was well for the inmates of the Wigwam that it was not deferred for several days, for the wailing continued without cessation until all that was left of Newitchewagan was wrapped in birch bark and securely tied with a cord of deerskin, like a parcel, when it was borne by four young braves and laid upon a raised platform of boughs, between two fires which had been kindled a little distance from the Wigwam.

The Indians then squatted cross-legged in a large circle round the fires. Machecawa and his motherless children were seated close to the bier, their faces blackened, their hair and

clothing torn and in disorder. The awful stillness was at length broken by old O'Jawescawa, who left his seat and, approaching the grief-stricken husband, said:

"O Machecawa, my brother, it is not well that you grieve. If Newitchewagan had lived she would many times have been hungry and cold and weary; but in the happy hunting-ground, whither she has gone, there is neither hunger nor cold nor weariness. Therefore you should be glad." He then drew his hunting-knife from his belt, and, slashing it through the birch-bark wrappings, cried:

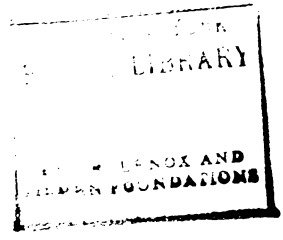
"O Kitche Manitou! These places do I cut that our sister's spirit may come and go as she wills it, that she may visit us sometimes, that she may see our brother Machecawa when he is very sad."

Again he turned to his chief. "Our sister is gone, oh, my brother," he continued, "but you shall see her again. But she shall be changed, and you will not know her; but when you enter the Land of the Hereafter then you must sing always this little song, and so she will know you."

In a clear and true tenor old O'Jawescawa chanted a weird, minor air with tearful falling cadences.

"And when she hears that song," he went on,

"Oh, Machecawa, my brother, it is not well that you grieve."
—*p. 36.*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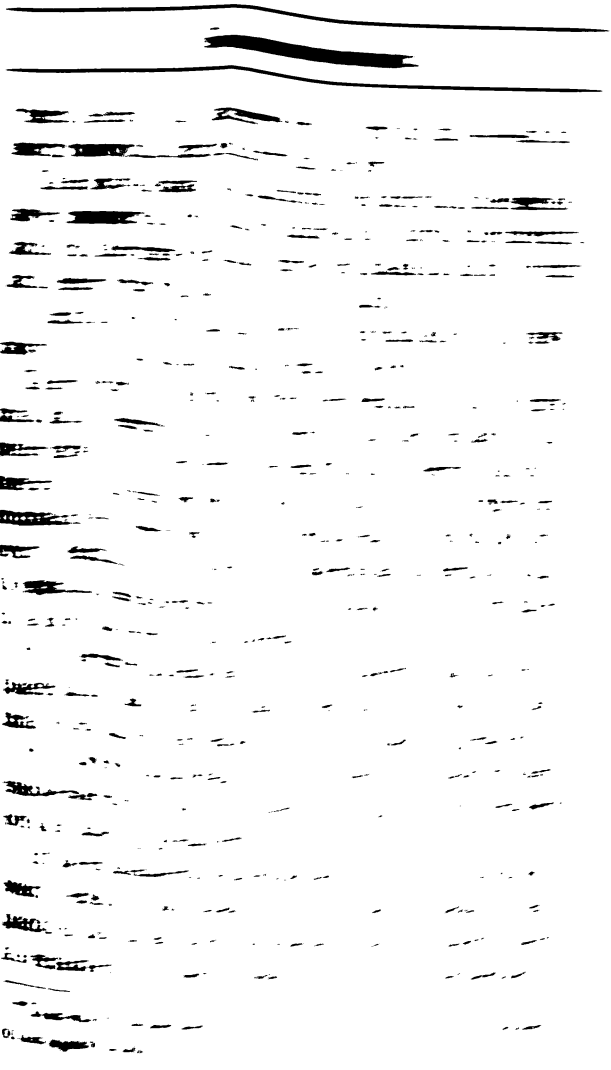

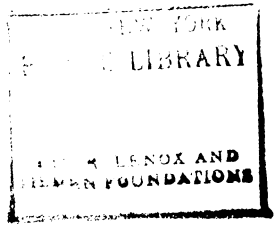
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"then she will answer it with this"—and he sang through another little song.

The long-drawn, plaintive chords, the sense of awe inspired by the darkness and the firelight, and of the grave sad prayer, caused Mrs. Wright and her young flock to sob aloud.

"And so in that way," concluded O'Jawescawa, "you shall know each other."

The young men bore the remains to a grave that had been dug a short distance away in a pine grove. After the earth had been filled in, three of the women knelt and put together a miniature wigwam of birch-bark, complete in every detail. Then O'Jawescawa began again to speak, addressing the occupant of the grave in a low tone of confidence.

"O Newitchewagan, our sister," said he, "I place this bow and these arrows in your lodge that you may be armed on the Long Journey.

"O Niwitchiwagan, our sister, I place these snow-shoes in your lodge that you may be fleet on the Long Journey."*

In like manner he deposited in the little wigwam extra moccasins, a model canoe and paddle, food, and a miniature robe. Then they all returned to their camp, all but Machecawa,

* The writer is indebted to Mr. S. E. White for this account of the squaw's burial.

who crouched on the ground by the grave, his blanket over his head, a silent, motionless figure of desolation. For three whole nights and days the Chief mourned for his squaw. Then he rose and went about his ordinary duties with unmoved countenance, and the grave was left to the sun and snow and rain and the mercy of all-forgetting Nature.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INDIAN SUITOR.

1803.

MACHECAWA and his friend O'Jawescawa became frequent visitors at the Wigwam. They would come in the morning, uninvited, and sit silently all day long before the open fire and observe all that was going on. The spinning-wheel and hand-loom were objects of unceasing interest to them, and though it proved a great distraction to the children in their studies, and to the girls in the performance of their domestic duties, to have them there, they were always treated not only with respect but with consideration and kindness.

One morning Machecawa stood gazing intently into the fire. His face wore an expression of perplexity. At length he turned to the White Chief, who was explaining a mathematical problem to one of his boys, and said:

"Big Injun, he want to speak his thoughts from books. He want to know white man's Manitou."

"May I teach him, father? Just for an hour

every day?" said Chrissy, a tall, fair, thoughtful girl of seventeen, who was known throughout the settlement as the "Saint," for she had been led to take a serious view of life by a Quaker friend in the old school at Woburn. "It would be such a pleasure for me to lead him to a knowledge of the truth.

The father readily granted the request, and it was arranged that he should receive instruction from Chrissy every morning while the younger boys were having their lessons. Never had teacher a more apt, humble, or willing pupil. Never had pupil a more considerate, patient, kind-hearted instructor. Over and over again did she repeat words and sentences until at last the Indian found, to his unspeakable joy, that he was beginning to acquire the words pretty freely.

The morning hour with Machecawa proved of such interest that it was not an uncommon thing to see the White Chief and all the children listening intently to Chrissy and the Indian as they compared their respective creeds.

One morning, after she had been giving an account of the creation and the deluge, she said, "Now, tell me what you think of these things. Do the Indians ever think of how the world was made? Did they ever hear of a flood?"

Machecawa replied in broken English, the interpretation of which is as follows:

An Indian Suitor

The Indian believes that the great Manabozo is king of all other animal kings. The West Wind is his father, and his mother is granddaughter of the Moon. Sometimes he is a wolf; sometimes a hare; sometimes he is a wicked spirit. Manabozo was hunting with his brother, a wolf, who fell through the ice in a lake and was eaten by snakes. Manabozo was very cross and changed himself into the stump of a tree and surprised the king of the serpents and killed him. The snakes were all Manitous, and they made the water flood the world. Manabozo climbed a tree which grew and grew as the flood came up and was saved from the wicked spirits.

Manabozo looked over the waters and he saw a loon, and he cried to the loon for help to save the world. The loon went under the water to look for mud to build the world again, but he could not find the bottom. Then a muskrat tried, but he came up on his back nearly dead. Manabozo looked in his paws and found a little mud, and he took the mud and the dead body of the loon and with it created the world anew again.

"And do you believe that?" said the White Chief.

"Our tribe she believe like that," replied the Indian.

"What is that thing tied round your neck,

Machecawa?" said Bearie, the second son, a short, well knit, sturdy-looking youth of eighteen, whose every expression reflected a bright, happy, generous disposition.

"She am my Manitou," replied the Indian.

"What is a Manitou? Every Indian you meet with seems to differ on the subject."

"Some tam she am wan ting, some tam she am anodder."

"That is evading the question," said Chrissy.

"What kind of a Manitou have you got inside of that little bag which is tied round your neck?" persisted Bearie. "Will you let me see it?"

"No! No!! No!!!" he said excitedly. "My Manitou she am not be pleese."

"Come, now, old man," he said. "Tell us all about it."

"What is it?"

"How did you get it?"

"What is it for?"

"Waal," he said, reluctantly, "When I am a boy, me, just become a man, my fadder, he say, 'Machecawa, tam you got a manitou.' My face he paint black, black. He say, heem, 'you no eat no teeng seex days.' By em by I am dream some teeng, me, dat some teeng she am my manitou. She help me kill beeg bear; she mak dem Iroquois dogs run like one wild moose.

My fadder she am pleese; she make my manitou on my arm—see!" he said, rolling up his sleeve. On his shoulder was the rude outline of a fish, which had been tatooed with sharp bones and with the juice of berries rubbed in.

"But what is in the little bag?" asked Bearie. "Will you let me see it?"

After a good deal of reluctance he gave in at last, and two curious boys untied the precious parcel, while the others, equally curious, looked over his shoulders at a few old broken fish bones which were all the little bag contained.

"Well, old man," said Bearie, slowly replacing the sacred relics, "we put our faith in something better than that. The white man trusts the Great Spirit in heaven to care for him and to take him to heaven when he dies."

"Any bear in hebben?" asked the Indian.

"No," said Bearie, "only good people."

"Dat hebben she am no good for big Injun," said Machecawa, sadly. "De happy hunting ground she am full of moose, buffalo, bear, beaver. She am far, far away at de end of land, where de sun she sleep—two, tree moons away. One beeg dog she am cross, an' she bark at dead Injun, but he go on, an' on, an' on, an' den he am glad."

It began to dawn upon the vigilant mother at length that it was not so much the wonders of

civilization nor the desire to "speak his thoughts from books" that led Machecawa day after day to the Wigwam, as an ever-increasing interest in her fun-loving daughter, Abbie, who was a year younger than Chrissy, and who seemed unconscious of the fact that the eyes of the red chief were ever upon her.

Chrissy was at a loss to understand why he had suddenly lost all interest in the studies and seemed preoccupied with other thoughts. She was beginning to grow discouraged, and was sorely tempted to abandon any further attempts at instruction, when Machecawa suddenly left her one morning as she sat by the table with the open book, and, approaching his white brother, said, in broken English:

"Father, I love your daughter," pointing his forefinger at Abbie. "Will you give her to me that the small roots of her heart may entwine themselves with mine so that the strongest wind that blows may never separate them?"

For a moment there was silence in the room. The White Chief's face grew dark. The veins of his temples began to swell with rage. In a burst of passion he said:

"My child become your slave? *Never! Never!* The Indian wants woman to gather his wood, carry his burdens, dress his skins, make his clothes, build his house, cook his food, care for

his children. No, no, Machecawa; no white woman would be happy to work like a squaw or to suffer as such."

Not a word could the Big Chief utter. He gave a deep sigh and gazed at Abbie fondly and admiringly. The inexpressible agony in his face touched the father's heart, and he added:

"My daughter is too young to marry, but when she is old enough to know her own mind she may answer for herself."

A ray of light and hope crept into the dark face, and drawing from a pouch a string of claws and teeth of rare birds and animals, he approached Abbie and fastened it about her snowy neck.

"You have conferred upon me a great honor, Machecawa," said Abbie, smiling, "but you shall have to wait for several years, for I have many things to learn before I could become the squaw of an Algonquin chief."

The chief then resumed his seat at the table and went on with his task with as much complacency as though nothing had happened, while Abbie and her brothers quietly withdrew in order to give vent to their feelings.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISSY.

1804.

AS THE settlement did not afford any greater educational advantages than Mrs. Wright, with a multitude of other claims upon her time, was able to give to her daughters, Chrissy and Abbie were sent to a convent in Quebec, there being no other boarding-schools in Canada at this time.

Among their school friends was Sally Smith, whose mother invited them to spend Christmas with them at the officers' quarters at the Citadel.

"Just fancy!" said Mrs. Smith, addressing her husband, the Colonel, and his guest, a young Scotchman, as the girls entered the dining-room. "Shut up in a convent for sixteen months with nothing to vary the monotony of it! Do they not deserve a holiday?"

As they were introduced George Morrison and Chrissy looked at each other and bowed formally and composedly, and an awkward, embarrassing silence followed. For the first time in his life the presence of a fair and lovely

girl cast a spell over him so extraordinary that, as he sat opposite to her at the dinner-table and watched her frank, bright, expressive face, his own responded to her every expression.

It would not be difficult to say which had made the most profound impression upon the mind of the honest young Scotchman, his distant kinsman, the Colonel, with his handsome, kindly face and his sturdy English character, or the tall, slight form before him, with sloping shoulders, tapering arms, and a face lovely in its spiritual contour.

George Morrison thought he had never met such a man as the Colonel, nor was the admiration unreciprocated, for his host took a great fancy to George. "He is one of those men," he remarked to his wife, "whom porridge and the Shorter Catechism have endowed with grit and backbone—just the sort of fellow for the Hudson's Bay Company's service. In dealing with traders and trappers men of nerve are needed, men of brain, men of muscle. George Morrison is not a man to be imposed upon. He can take his place at the head of a crowd of dare-devils and keep them under perfect control."

It is hardly possible in a way for a young man to live in the same house with a young and lovely woman like Chrissy without running more or less risk of entanglement. More especially is

this so where the two have had little or no outside society to divert their attention from each other. George and Chrissy soon found it pleasant to be a good deal together. Before she had been a week in the house he had come to the conclusion that Chrissy was one of the most attractive women he had ever met, and one of the strangest. That she was clever and good he soon discovered from remarks she made from time to time; but that she had something that he did not possess was evident, and it puzzled him. So curious was he to fathom the mystery that he took every opportunity of associating with her in the hope of drawing from her the secret of her joyous, triumphant life.

They read together, sang together, walked together, and it seemed to them both that every word interchanged, every blending sound of their voices, every step they took, was welding together a bond which had existed since first they met at the Colonel's hospitable table. To George it seemed a natural sequence that when he had for the first time met the young woman who, he was convinced, was predestined by God to be his counter-part that the recognition should be mutual. He knew that she had a way of making him feel perfectly at ease in her society. When he was talking to her, or even sitting silently by her, he felt a sense of restfulness and reliance

that he had never before experienced in the society of a woman, especially since he bade farewell to civilization to lead his men through the trackless maze of rivers, lakes and woods of the North-West.

It soon became evident to Chrissy that George liked her society. It never occurred to her what a boon it was to the rugged Nor'wester to be thrown, for the first time, into the society of a young woman not only of considerable intellectual attainments but of deep spirituality.

Chrissy did not think of love or marriage at first. What she did think of was the possibility of leading the young Scotchman into the highest realm of life—the spiritual.

They had just left the little old-fashioned church, and were walking the snowy streets in silence, when Chrissy spoke:

"Do you know," she said, shyly, "it's very strange, but you are the only man I have ever met to whom I could speak with confidence of the subject nearest my heart."

"And what may that be?" he asked, a ray of light and hope illumining his face.

"It is the realization of the love of the Unseen and Eternal. More to me than the sweetest earthly tie is One whom having not seen I love."

"It is all a mystery to me," he said. "In fact it is incomprehensible how anyone can manifest

such enthusiasm and devotion to One unknown. Though I learned at mother's knee that 'man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever,' I have never been able to get beyond the theory of it."

"I am sorry for you," she said, her voice trembling with disappointment.

For several minutes neither spoke, when Chrissy said, slowly and thoughtfully:

"How oblivious the mineral kingdom is to the life of the world above it, and the vegetable kingdom to that of the animal. How much more so the man or woman having a mere physical existence to the life of the spiritual. They have not the faculty of comprehending its joys or its privileges any more than a stone can appreciate a flower, or a flower appreciate science or art. My heart yearns with unutterable pity for anyone to whom Christ and the things of the spiritual world are not a reality."

George made no response, and as they had reached the door of the Colonel's quarters, he grasped her hand.

"Chrissy, Chrissy," he said, "I must go. I dare not trust myself to speak," and he left her standing on the door-step.

The happy holidays had slipped away all too soon. Chrissy stood by a window gazing at the panorama before her. The moonlight poured

through the window, filling the room with a soft radiance which rested upon her head with a kind of halo. The indescribable beauty of the scene without faded into insignificance compared with the scene which George Morrison contemplated—a young woman whose pure heart was mirrored in the beauty of her face and breathed in every accent of her gentle voice. Her earnest blue eyes looked as though they could see into that other world of which she so often spoke. Never before had he beheld a life so filled with fascinating grace as to pervade every gesture and accent. Never had he met a soul so permeated with love and devotion to God, and withal so simple, so natural, so sweet.

Chrissy was evidently oblivious to the presence of anyone, and started when George suddenly remarked:

"Pardon me, Miss Chrissy, if I intrude upon the sacredness of your meditations, but I understand you are going to leave us to-morrow. We may not meet again, for you will be shut up within the cloistered walls yonder and I shall be leaving in the spring for the great unknown land. I shall have cause to thank God through all eternity for your visit. I am grateful, deeply grateful, for the loving interest you have manifested in my welfare, and I cannot part with you, dear Chrissy, without giving some expres-

sion of the intense love I have for you. It would be heaven begun on earth if I might only be permitted to walk life's pathway with you ; but, alas! I am not in a position to offer you a home. I am not one of those white-shirt-fronted gentlemen such as we frequently meet with here, but, thank God, I can now offer you a heart that is white, a life that is pure. Life in the woods has rubbed off any of the veneer or polish that I may have brought with me from the Old Land, and I am just as you see me, Chrissy, a plain, rough man from the wilds of the West. Notwithstanding which, could you not give me a pledge that some time, somewhere, I may claim you as my own?"

For a moment Chrissy said nothing, but the expression of her face was more eloquent than any words. Her breast heaved with emotion as she said, slowly and calmly:

"I am convinced that such a union as you propose would be founded upon the only true basis, a mutual love for Christ. Unions such as this have only their beginning here; their full fruition is in eternity."

In a moment he was at her feet, and, pressing her hand to his lips, he poured forth expressions of happy gratitude to the Giver of all good.

To her lover she seemed as she stood before him an incarnation of love, of beauty, of goodness and grace, more like something belonging to another world—a subject of a higher power.

CHAPTER VI.

GAY VOYAGEURS.

1805.

THE river was scarcely free from ice-floes when Chrissy was summoned to the bedside of her mother, who had been hovering between life and death for several weeks. Weary and worn with nervous apprehension and the strain of the long and perilous journey, she entered the sick-room. The flickering light from the hearth fell upon the white face of the mother whom she loved as only a mother could be loved. She was sleeping soundly. Bending over her she laid her cool hand on the fevered brow, when the poor sufferer opened her eyes, but was too weak to speak. She smiled faintly, and again fell into a deep sleep. Through the long watches of the night, and oft through the day, she sat gazing at the sleeping form, inwardly praying that she might not be taken from them, that their home might not be left desolate.

At last there came a beautiful sunny morning in May when consciousness returned, and the patient began to show other signs of recovery.

Naturally of a strong, vigorous constitution, Mrs. Wright soon became convalescent. One evening she was lying on a couch before the fire, when she observed the pallor of Chrissy's earnest face.

"You must go out more, my child," she said. "You have had a long siege of nursing. You look worn out."

"Come along, Chris," said Phil, her eldest brother. "Let us go for a stroll down to the shore."

It was a beautiful evening. The sun was just veiling his face behind the western hills, illuminating the sky with glory, when suddenly they were attracted by the sweet strains of a French song in the distance.

Soon twelve canoes rounded the headland, coming up the mighty current of the river, manned by men decked out in varied and brilliant colors. They sang as only Canadian voyageurs could sing, suiting the action of the paddles to the rhythm of the song:

"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant, promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle,
Que je m'y suis baig-né,
Lui ya longstemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Each verse was sung in solo, and then

"Soon twelve canoes rounded the headland."—*p. 54.*

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repeated by all in chorus, finishing with a piercing Indian shriek.

They followed them to the landing-place—a great flat rock on the north side of the river, at the beginning of the portage road—and found them preparing to bivouac there for the night, for all hands were busily engaged in kindling fires and unstrapping blankets. It was soon ascertained that it was one of the Hudson's Bay Company's brigades *en route* for the North, with supplies for the Company's forts, and that it was in command of a young Scotchman. Chrissy's pale face crimsoned as George Morrison approached her, and invited her and her brother to share his evening meal. At first glance he could have seen a resemblance between Phil and Chrissy, in feature, in manner and expression; both had the same quiet, thoughtful manner, the same calm, deliberate way of speaking, and the same reserved, proud bearing.

"I never dreamed of meeting you here," he said, "or I should have had a sumptuous repast ready. Fortunately I happen to have a tempting bit of beaver tail, which is considered a great delicacy to Nor'westers."

George Morrison was not slow to observe that Chrissy's face had an expression of sadness in it that he had never seen before.

"You seem melancholy and dispirited. What is on your mind, Chrissy?" he asked.

"I have been passing through a great trial," she responded, with quivering lips, "and I vowed a solemn vow when I thought that all hope of saving mother was gone, that if God would give her back, I would devote my whole life entirely and unreservedly to His service, even though it involved the severance of every earthly tie."

Phil, who never felt more ill at ease, more unresponsive, than when compelled to listen to a conversation which touched upon sacred themes, which were entirely beyond the range of his comprehension, quietly withdrew from the tent and strolled out to the fire, where a number of strange figures lay in the shadow of the dusky cliff. French voyageurs and coureurs des bois, white trappers and Indians, in a variety of lazy attitudes, reclined on buffalo robes and bearskins. Most of them, with bleared eye and bloated face, were puffing away at their pipes. Some had red handkerchiefs round their heads holding back their long black hair. Some wore buck-skin smocks, fringed with bright colors and drawn tight at the waist by sashes of brilliant hue, with trousers of the same material with little bells fastened from knee to ankle.

"They're a' guid canoemen," said an old Scotchman, who had been for many years factor

at one of the trading-stations, and who was *en route* to Moose Factory. "You should juist see them at wark. They wadna think twice o' takin' a canoe ower the Big Kettle yonner at this time o' the year. Whan they are in ony danger they faa' down on their knees an' caa' on the Virgin an' a' the holy angels tae save them, an' as sune as it is gane by they deny the verra exeestence o' Virgin or angels aither, an' sweer like troopers. The Government regairds them as kin' o' ne'er-do-weels' an' ootcasts. When they gang back tae ceevilization they spen' a' they've made in the fur trade on their claes an' in drucken bouts. As lang as their beaver-skins last they set nae bouns tae their riot. Mon, I've seen some o' thae verra men staulkin' thrae the streets o' Montreal as nakit as a Sioux. Tho' they're sic bauld dare-deevils they are verra usfu' tae oor company, for they gang hunners and hunners o' miles throu the leemitless maze o' lakes an' rivers in the far North in sairch o' furs. They dinna fear aither Iroquois nor Algonquins, Cree nor Sioux."

"He must have a lot of nerve," said Phil, pointing to the tent, "to place himself at the head of a crowd like that. I hope that he and you may never fall victims to the treachery of such a crew."

"Dinna be feart," he said, "but he'll keep a

stiff upper han' o' 'em. They'll no verra readily try to ride ower him."

In the meantime a melancholy scene was taking place in the tent. Chrissy had signified her determination to follow in the footsteps of the sainted Marguerite de Bourgeois, Jogues, Jean de Brébeuf, and other early Canadian missionaries, who left the joys of home, the comforts of civilization, and, penetrating the back-woods beyond the protecting arms of the law, beyond the care of sympathetic friends, had lived and worked and laid down their lives as a sacrifice in seeking to convert the Indians to Christianity.

"But," protested George, "you are surely not going to take the veil like Marguerite de Bourgeois?"

"Certainly not."

"You are surely not going to wander off into the wild woods and lead the life of a squaw, are you?"

"Not exactly, but I hope to arrange with the Mission Board of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York, who are working among the Indians of Upper Canada, to take me as a teacher."

"But have not the Indians of Lower Canada, and especially the tribes scattered along your own river and its tributaries, a greater claim upon you? If your vow includes nothing less

than martyrdom, the cannibals of the Nipissing or the Abbitibee tribes would be quite willing to aid you in carrying out your intentions," he said, a faint smile creeping over his serious face. "Chris, *dear* Chrissy," he said, as he stroked her soft flaxen hair, "I thought you had advanced too far in the Christ life to think of bartering with the Infinite. If He has given back your mother, receive her as a free gift, not to be paid for by the sacrifice of your own precious life, nor by the severing of earthly ties, but to be received and rejoiced in as a token of His free grace. Fulfil your vow, my noble girl; live for Him, work for Him, die for Him if need be, but one thing remember, that the highest destiny of woman lies in adorning the position God designed for her. It may please self to sever earthly ties, it may give you an inward feeling of being under no obligation to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer—a feeling that you are even with Him—but you will find that it is not the true road to happiness. Self is not your aim, nor is it comfort, nor enjoyment, nor social ambition; your chief end and mine is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. If that sweetest of earthly ties formed at Quebec stands in the way of this, let us sever it here and now."

Tears were chasing each other down Chrissy's face as he spoke.

Few men can bear to see a woman in tears, and it was too much for George.

"Chrissy," he said, "don't cry, please, don't; but tell me, shall we sever it?" Her heart was too full for words, but every line of her face expressed remonstrance.

He stopped for a moment, as though waiting for an answer, when suddenly a shout went up which seemed to rend the very heavens, for it came from several hundred men. It brought George Morrison out of his tent in an instant. The crews of twenty-two large canoes belonging to the Company and twelve crews of Iroquois Indians, who were on their return from the winter hunt, with their families, furs, dogs, etc., had just arrived on the scene.

The bark canoes, measuring on an average thirty-six feet in length by six feet in width in the middle, which had been carried most tenderly over the portage on the naked shoulders of six men, were deposited in a semi-circle upside down.

The whole cargo of provisions and furs was carried in bundles or packs of ninety-five pounds each by means of pack-straps, called "tump-lines," arranged so that the middle or broad part of the strap rested against the forehead; the ends securing the load, which rested upon the shoulders. Each voyageur had one, two or

three of these packs, which they had carried over the nine-mile portage at a slow trot, with the knees much bent, stopping for a few moments every half-hour for "a pipe," as the rest was called, until at last the landing-place was reached.

The crew of the second brigade almost outrivalled those of the first in their appearance. They were the most extraordinary-looking individuals that Chrissy and Phil had ever beheld; mostly dark, gipsy-like men in blanket-coats with borders and sashes of brilliant hue, and hats with silver bands stuck full of feathers of a variety and brilliancy of color, all with long hair to protect their necks and faces from mosquitoes.

The clamour, jargoning and confusion of this wild, impetuous multitude cannot be described. The commander of the brigade was a Welshman, David Thompson, with a young Scotchman named Simon Fraser as assistant, whose names have been handed down to posterity as the discoverers of the Thompson and the Fraser Rivers.

Thompson was almost as extraordinary in his appearance as some of the members of his brigade. Though plainly and quietly dressed, his black hair was worn long all round and cut square, as if by one stroke of the scissors, just above the eyebrows. His figure was short and

thick-set. His complexion was a ruddy brown, while the expression of his features was friendly and intelligent. His Bunyan-like hair and short nose gave him a very odd appearance. He had a powerful mind and had perfect command of his crew.

With them was a French priest, who had secured passage for Montreal in one of the Company's canoes.

The shout of greeting brought the Chief and his sons to the landing to see what was the matter, and they remained interested witnesses of the gay scene till nearly midnight, when the din ceased and all were soon asleep—the leaders in their tents; the men, some beneath their upturned canoes, some on blankets or skins spread on spruce boughs, and some just rolled in their blankets on the rocks before the fire, the cooks only remaining up to cook the hominy for the following day. Hominy was the regular fare for the voyageurs of the great fur-trading companies. It was made of dried corn, prepared by boiling in strong alkali to remove the outer husk. It was then carefully washed and dried, when it was fit for use. One quart of this was boiled for two hours over a moderate fire in a gallon of water, to which, when boiled, was added two ounces of melted suet. This caused the corn to split and form a thick pudding, which

was a wholesome, palatable food, easy of digestion and easy of transportation, one quart being sufficient for a man's subsistence for twenty-four hours.

After taking leave of the Chief and Chrissy, George invited Phil, Bearie, Christie and Rug to remain all night, most of which was spent in conversation with the old Factor, who entertained them with accounts of the discoveries in the great unknown land.

"Eh, mon," he said, "it is a graund cuintree. My auld frien' Sandy Mackenzie, when juist a bit lad, cam' oot frae Inverness tae tak' a poseetion wi' Mr. Gregory at Fort Chipewyan, at the heed o' the Athabasca Lake, in the wild cuintree wast o' Hudson Bay. Sandy sune got wearied o' office life, an' got Greegory tae agree to let him gang explorin'; that ood be about twenty years sin'. Weel, sir, he took wi' 'im fower canoes wi' fower Indians an' twa squaws, an' they left the fort in June. In a week they had gotten the length o' Slave Lake, as muckle as fower hunner an' seeventy miles frae the Fort. After they had stoppit for some days they gaed on for about three weeks mair, an' gangin' roond the side of the lake frae the outgoing o' the river that has been ca'd aifter him, he gaed awa' doon the river, whar they had an unco time drawin' their canoes ower the frozen bits 'an

gettin' them again intae the open watter, until at the hinner en' they foond 'oot that it emptit intae the North Sea."

"Did he see any polar bears?" asked Rug, who stood gazing intently at the rugged face of the speaker.

"Ay, lots o' them. I seen them mysel' in Davis Strait on the ice-floes comin' doon frae the North. We used to set a blubber fire burnin', an' they wad gether roond it, sniffin' an' smellin', at the bleezin' daintie. We wastit mony a boolit on them, but they didna seem tae mind it muckle. When ye cam' on them withoot waarnin', the only thing that ye could dae was tae roar oot as lood as ye could an' tae keep roarin'. Our men whiles triet tae catch them."

"How?" said Phil.

"They laid a rope wi' a lairge runnin' loop on the end o't alang the ice, an' laid a seal on't that had been tostit ower the fire. Verra sune the bears wad begin tae gether roond it. When one wad get inside o' the loop the men wad draw the rope, as the bear wad be hodden by the legs, than they wad turn the ither en' o' the rope roon' the capstan an' haul the beast on board. The growlin' an' the roarin' that resultit wad mak the hair o' your heed stan' on en'."

"Did your friend Mackenzie make any other discoveries?" asked Bearie.

"Ay, sir," replied the Scot. "He made the discoverie o' his life, when, three years aifter his comin' back tae the Fort, he set oot in sairch o' the Pacific Ocean, and foond it, tae. It was a thing that nae white mon had ever dune afore 'im, an' I doot if ony ane but Sandy could a stood the dangers an' deeficulties that he cam' through, what wi' a sulky crew that nearly drave him mad an' ither things. He was a brave, graun' mon, was Sandy. Weel, he left the Fort in October, an' gangin' up the Ungigah River, he gaed across the continent till he got tae the sea the next July, when he inscribed on the solid cliffs on the shore the fac' o' his discoverie."

Long before sunrise the chief cook gave a loud and startling shout, "*Alerte*!" No man dared linger for forty winks more, for after a hurried breakfast the North-bound crews shouldered their canoes and packs and commenced their long and tedious portage, and the return-crew launched their frail barques, and before pushing out into the mighty current, twenty paddlers in each boat—each squatting on his slender bag of necessaries—the priest pulled off his hat, and in a loud voice commenced a Latin

prayer to the saints for a blessing on the voyage, to which the men responded in chorus.

"Qu'il me benisse."

After which they floated down the stream singing:

"En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule,
Derrièr chez nous ya t'un étang,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant."

CHAPTER VII.

"A MINISTERING ANGEL, THOU."

1808.

TWO years had passed since the interrupted meeting in the tent. Not a word had Chrissy received from her lover. At length a report reached her, through a passing brigade, that George Morrison had been sent to the vicinity of Great Bear Lake to open a trading-post for his company, and that nothing had since been heard or seen of him.

Chrissy's devotion to her absent lover had grown deeper and stronger as month followed month. She never felt for an instant that he was dead to her. She did not think of him with hopes that were withered, with a tenderness frozen; the man whom she loved never once became a vague, dreamy idea to her, for to Chrissy George was a living, bright reality, who would come some day to fulfil his promise, when she would at last enter into the glorious consummation of her heart's deepest longing. It was this confidence that cheered and sustained her as she became her

mother's most efficient coadjutor in missions of mercy and love. It was not an uncommon sight to see mother and daughter cantering over the rough woodland roads to distant clearances, in response to appeals for help from the sick and sorrowing.

On one occasion the appeal came from "Aunt" Allen, who lived on one of the back concession roads. As they approached the unpretentious but cosy little farm cottage, in the midst of a field of blackened stumps, Mrs. Allen came out to meet them.

"Oh, Mrs. Wright," she said, "I'm so thankful you have come. He's nearly mad with pain. In fact, I think the poor lad is agoin' out of his mind."

"How did it happen?" asked Mrs. Wright.

"You see," she said, "He had to sleep out nights in the woods when he was hauling timber to the drive, and an insect or somethin' must have got into his ear, for he could feel it a movin' and a crawlin' and "——.

"What have you done?" interrupted Mrs. Wright.

"We made him lie down with his ear on the pillow, but it was no good. Then we made him hold his ear down while we struck his head several hard blows to make it fall out, but it was no good. Then we put an onion poultice on it

to draw it out, but that was no good, and now we don't know what more to do."

"I fear," said Mrs. Wright sadly, "that I shall not be much help to you, for my book does not mention what should be done in a case of that kind."

"But, mother," said Chrissy, "we cannot leave until we have done something. It is dreadful to see him suffer so."

"Physic will not touch it," she replied, "and they seem to have done everything that could be done."

At length Chrissy said:

"I've thought of a plan. Let us hold him with his head downwards, so that it may have a chance to drop on the floor; then let someone puff tobacco smoke up into the ear, and perhaps the smoke will cause the insect to become stupefied and it will fall out."

"Very good," said her mother. "The plan is worth trying, but who will do the smoking? There's not a man about the place."

"I'll do it myself," said Chrissy. "You have a pipe and tobacco, I suppose, Mrs. Allen?"

"Yes," she replied, "for the lad smokes."

The experiment was tried. Chrissy, kneeling on the clean sanded floor, puffed away vigorously at the strong old pipe, while her mother and Mrs. Allen held the young man's

head over the fumes. Soon something dropped upon the floor, which proved to be a large red ant, and a shout of triumph went up as Mrs. Allen jumped upon it and ground it to nothingness. This brought instantaneous relief to the sufferer, who was very profuse in his expressions of gratitude.

Poor Mrs. Allen laughed and cried in turn as they took an affectionate farewell of one another, but Chrissy's face had an unusually pallid appearance, which, however, soon faded away as they galloped down the road to Mrs. Murphy's cottage.

They found the poor woman on a bed of suffering, where she had been for three months.

"Is it yersilf that's come, me lady?" she said, a slight flush of pleasure lighting up the pale, sad face.

"Yes, Bridget," said Mrs. Wright, "and I have brought my daughter, whom you have not seen for a long time."

"Ah, me darlint," she said, grasping Chrissy's hand, "Moike is a gud husband to me. He has a big, koind Irish heart, but one night when he came home he wasn't hisself, Moike wasn't, and he kicked me and the swate lamb there," pointing to a fat dumpling of a baby, "out of the door, and thin he locked it forninst me, Moike did; and I entrated him to let me in, but he

would not; so I ran over the shnow through the fields to Joe Larocque's shanty, and I tuk off me skurt to roll the wee darlint in, for she was cryin' with the could, an' I ran to the shanty. For shure I was in my bare feet, an' when at last I reached Larocque's he was afeared to let me come in, he was, an' I prayed him for the sake o' the Blessed Virgin and all the holy angels to open the door, an' afther a long toime he did."

"Poor Moike," she said, with a look of agony in her face; "he's a gud man, a gud man, but he was not hisself—it was the dhrink that did it."

"There now, Bridget," said Mrs. Wright, "you have talked enough; you had better keep quite still while I remove these bandages."

The odor from the poor frozen hands and feet was frightful, but patiently and tenderly they removed the old bandages and applied new ones, after first saturating them in linseed oil and lime water. Before they had finished, the patient, overcome with exhaustion, sank back into a state of semi-unconsciousness, repeating the sad words over and over again:

"Poor Moike, he's gud, he's gud; but he wasn't hisself."

"I am afraid," whispered Mrs. Wright, "that mortification has set in. Did you observe that

she had no feeling in the right foot while we were dressing it? Poor soul! Her sufferings will soon be over—perhaps to-night."

The tears streamed down Chrissy's face as she looked first at the poor sufferer, then at the innocent babe so soon to become motherless.

"I think, mother," she said, "that you had better leave me with her, for the Larocques can only come over once a day, and Mike has evidently no idea of how to take care of a sick woman, much less a baby. Could you not take him with you? Tell him that father wants him, for he said only this morning that he wanted more men."

It was finally decided that Chrissy should remain, and that the grief-stricken husband should ride her pony as far as the Columbia farm, where he was to remain until the Chief should give him leave to return.

It was nearly dark when Mrs. Wright reached Burns's, where several young men were standing round the door. Touching their hats respectfully to her as she entered, they soon followed her into a low room, permeated with the sickening odor of whisky and stale tobacco, where a young man lay with blackened eyes, a gash over the left temple, and a broken arm.

"So you've been fighting again, Andrew?"

she said, "I thought after your last scrape that you would leave Jamaica rum alone."

Andrew was fully convinced in his own mind that his injuries would ultimately prove fatal, and his feelings alternated between vengeance on the one who had proved too strong for him and an uneasy apprehension of dissolution.

"It was not my fault; and if ever I lay hands on that villain again I'll thrash him within an inch of his life," he hissed through clenched teeth, his face white with rage; "I'll smash every bone in his body. Give me time, Mrs. Wright, to say a paternoster before you begin."

"How can you pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,' and drink that which will cause His name to be profaned and blasphemed?" she said. "How can you pray, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,' and drink that which will be the greatest hindrance to the coming of His kingdom and the fulfilment of His will? How can you pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and drink that which is depriving thousands of daily bread? How can you pray, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,' and take that which makes us unwilling to forgive our debtors? How can you pray, 'Lead us not into temptation, but

deliver us from evil,' and drink that which has proved temptation and evil to so many? I assure you, Andrew," she said, "that you cannot say a paternoster and drink strong drink."

Turning to the father of the young man, she said:

"It is a simple fracture, but it will have to be set, and it will need a strong man to do it. You can get a splint while I make the bandages. There now," she said, "take hold of the hand and pull it slowly and steadily—this way—see. Now, are you ready?"

"Ough!" groaned the young man. "Ough, but you're hurtin' me, you're hurtin' me."

"There, now, that was well done," she said, feeling the spot carefully. "Now give me the splint."

After she had carefully bandaged the arm, she said: "There now, are you more comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you, ma'am," he replied.

"Now you must remain in bed for a time in order to give it every chance," she said; "for if you go about with it inflammation may set in and you may lose it. Here is a book which you may read when the time seems long."

He glanced at the title.

"The Pilgrim's Progress," he said, giving a sly wink at one of his friends. "Shure an I'll be

purty hard up for somethin' to do when I read the like o' that."

"It is not so bad as it looks, Andrew," she said, good-naturedly, as she shook hands with him on leaving.

Soon the messenger of mercy and healing was flying along the road to Paul Mousseau's shanty, where she found poor old Paul at the gate in tears.

"What is the matter, Mousseau?" she said, as she tied her pony to a tree.

"*Le charbon*, Madame, le charbon ; ma bonne femme, I fear she no get well again."

The charbon was a disease which afflicted many of the French settlers in Canada at that time. A small black spot would appear on the body, resembling a piece of charcoal, which soon spread until the whole body was affected. The only remedy known was to cut out the affected part as soon as it appeared. It was supposed that it was contracted through skinning and eating the flesh of cadaverous animals.

Paul's shanty contained one large, low, common room or kitchen with two windows, a fireplace at one side, one bedroom for the family, with a loft above, where the older boys slept among all sorts or provender and farm tools, and which was reached by a ladder. The walls of the room in which the sick woman lay were adorned with

rude religious pictures, with an earthenware crucifix, which had attached to it a receptacle for holy water.

Mrs. Wright shook her head sadly as she examined the poor woman, and said:

"I fear, Paul, that it has gone too far."

The poor old man fell on his knees, made the sign of the cross, and gave way to a paroxysm of tears.

"Ma bonne Katrine!" he cried; "Ma bonne Katrine! Ah! Sainte Vierge—no preese—no messe—ma pauvre femme—ma pauvre femme."

"Paul," said Mrs. Wright, "though you have no priest and no church you are not shut out from the Great High Priest—the Lord Himself. Pour out your sorrows to Him and He will hear and comfort you and save Katrine."

The old man kissed her hand as she took leave of him, and assisted her to mount her impatient pony, which needed no urging to hasten home, for darkness had come on, and she was alone in the forest. They were not long in covering the distance to the Wigwam, where the children were anxiously awaiting her return.

"Where is Chrissy?" asked Phil, who was cleaning his gun and was evidently having great difficulty in the effort to extricate the ramrod from the barrel.

"She is going to sit up to-night with poor

Mrs. Murphy," said his mother, "who will probably not live through the night."

"Jee-roo-salem!" exclaimed Phil, "and what can a girl like Chrissy do for a dying woman?"

"She could read a verse of Scripture or one of the beautiful prayers of the Prayer Book," said his mother, softly.

"It's all rot," he said, "the whole Bible is utter foolishness from cover to cover."

"Exactly what the Bible says of itself," said his mother. "It says that 'The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness,' and if it is foolishness to you, my dear boy, it is because you are perishing. St. Paul told the truth when he said, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned.' You have not a nature capable of grasping the spiritual. 'You must be born again.'"

"Don't quote Scripture at me, for I tell you that I don't believe one word of it," said Phil.

"If you could have seen what I have seen this day you would not be such a trifler, my boy."

"I'm not trifling, mother," he said. "I am quite serious about it. I am not proud, as some are, of being a sceptic, but I cannot believe as you and Chris do." Observing tears in his mother's eyes, he added, slowly, "I wish I could."

"There is but one way," she replied, "out of the fog of scepticism into the light of faith, and it is the narrow way of obedience. 'If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' If you want to believe, my boy, give up your self-will and promise me that you will try honestly to find out what God's will is concerning you, that you may do it, and your scepticism will soon take wings."

"But," said Phil, "I would like to have some proof that there *is* a God before I begin to find out what His will is. Every sense that I have bears me out in believing that there is no God. I have never seen a God, nor heard one; I have never smelt, tasted, nor felt one."

"You may not have *felt* that there is a God, but I have," said his mother, "and I delight to pour forth my very soul to Him whom I know exists, and whom I am satisfied to believe in without proofs save such as I obtain from my own inner consciousness."

"And is the testimony of that one sense of feeling sufficient to convince you that there is a God?" said Phil.

"It is," replied his mother.

"Well," he added, thoughtfully, "the odds are against you four to one."

Approaching her first-born the mother laid her hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Tell me, my boy, did you ever see a pain?"

"No," he replied.

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

"Yes," he unwillingly admitted.

"And was the testimony of that one sense sufficient to convince you of the existence of pain?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And the testimony of that same sense has convinced me," she said, "not only of the existence, but of the presence and love, of God."

"Well, mother," said Phil, who shuffled about uneasily, "I have seen so many hypocrites among Church members that I, for one, do not wish to be classed with them. There was Tom Adams, one of Mr. Meach's favorites, who was always in his seat at the meeting-house, who would not shave on Sunday, but had no conscience about shaving us six days in the week. He would not blacken his boots on Sunday, but he did not hesitate to blacken the character of any man in the settlement who disagreed with him in anything, on Sunday or any other day."

"The very existence of hypocrites is a proof of the existence of a reality," said Mrs. Wright,

" for if you should happen to find a counterfeit coin it would need no argument to convince you that it was copied from a genuine one. There are genuine Christians as well as counterfeits, and the omniscient and omnipresent God knows the one from the other ; and as hypocrites have not the faintest chance of heaven, you had better beware, dear boy, lest you should be 'classed with hypocrites' throughout the never-ending ages of eternity."

Phil's scepticism was a crushing grief to his mother and sister, who set themselves resolutely to win him to the faith with the full force of their intellects. They read, they pleaded, they wrote, they argued, they reasoned. As time went on their best efforts seemed frustrated, and, when at length they seemed to come to the end of all their resources, both cast themselves in utter despair upon God and prayed as only a mother and sister can. Nor did they pray in vain, for the time came when he found his way out of the darkness into the light of truth.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVENT DAYS.

1806.

ABBIE, who was the very reverse of her sister in appearance and disposition, still remained in the convent, the seclusion of which had not transformed her into a religious recluse—rather the reverse. Her association with gay daughters of wealthy Seigneurs and others had the effect of deepening her love of adventure and romance.

Sally Smith continued to be her most intimate friend, and any holidays, which in those days were few and far between, were spent at the Citadel.

One evening a young officer called, and during the absence of her mother from the room Sally said, her eyes dancing with mischief: "Let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Wabisca Onodis, Lieutenant Randall. Miss Onodis," she continued, "is the daughter of an Algonquin Chief, and is a boarder at the convent."

"Aw, indeed," said the officer, "I should never

have dreamed that your friend was an Indian girl. Have you had much difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of English?" asked the lieutenant.

"Not at all," replied Abbie, "I understand everything that is said, but find difficulty at times in choosing words best fitted to give expression to my deepest emotions."

"Aw, I quite understand. They say that the Indian nature is much more intense than that of other civilized nations. What is exceedingly difficult even for an Englishman must be much more so for one of your temperament. No language, I believe, either written nor spoken, can convey any adequate idea of the emotion of love, for instance. Is that your experience, Miss Onodis?"

Just then Mrs. Smith entered, and the conversation turned to that perennial subject—the weather. The friendship thus formed soon ripened into more than a mere friendship. Frequent messages passed between the convent and the Citadel, messages in cypher, for Therese, an Indian girl, had furnished Abbie with a list of Algonquin words and phrases expressive of deep sentiment, which were quite unintelligible to the nuns, and as the officer was furnished with a similar vocabulary, messages were frequently carried by Sally between the two.

This went on for some time until the nuns

found a scrap of paper on the floor containing the following mysterious words:

Nitam shaquoi yanque kitchioni chishim
Kin mishiwaiasky nin
Othai icha quisco.
Ka qui nick kitayam.
Wabisca Onodis.

After matins the Mother Superior addressed about two hundred young women in the Assembly Hall in the following words:

"Young ladies, a very mysterious letter has been found. It is evidently in the Indian language. It is probably intended for one of our Indian young ladies. Did anyone present lose a letter?"

No one spoke.

"O'Jawa," said the superior, addressing a young Indian girl, "will you come forward and see if this letter is written in one of the Iroquois or one of Algonquin dialects?"

O'Jawa promptly came up the aisle, and scanning the paper, said:

"It is Algonquin, Mother."

"To whom is it addressed?"

"To no one, Mother," she replied.

"By whom is it signed?"

"By a White Chief, Mother."

"Please translate it," said the Mother Superior.

O'Jawa read slowly and deliberately:

"*First—last—and best,*
Thou art all the world to me.
My heart burns.
"*Always yours,*
"*WHITE CHIEF.*"

"This letter," continued the Mother Superior, 'evidently belongs to one of the Algonquin girls, who probably has been receiving secret missives of a similar nature from some white man. As you are aware, young ladies, this offence is punishable with expulsion. Deceit is the mother of all vices. The sisters cannot assume the responsibility of the care of any young lady who would deliberately deceive them in this way; therefore I am under the painful necessity of investigating this matter more fully. Therese, come forward, Your guilty face indicates that you were the recipient of this letter. Were you?"

"I was not, Mother."

"Then it was sent to you and the bearer dropped it before you saw it. Is not that the case?"

"I do not know, Mother."

"Have you ever received any communications of this nature before?"

"I have not, Mother."

"Do you know any White Chief?"

"I do not, Mother."

"Do you know for whom this missive was intended?"

Therese hesitated. The question was repeated.

"I do, Mother," she said.

"Do you know by whom it was written?"

Taking the letter in her hand she said, slowly:

"I do, Mother."

"Then, Therese, I must demand the names of both the sender and the intended recipient."

"Who wrote that letter?"

"I shall not tell," she said, slowly and with great determination.

"I shall give you five minutes to answer my question, Therese, and if you stubbornly persist in concealing these facts from me I shall declare you expelled."

There was silence in the hall—not a soul stirred. Therese stood calmly awaiting her doom, when suddenly there was a shuffling at the back of the hall and Abbie came forward and addressed the Superior:

"I wrote that letter. It was intended for a young officer at the Citadel. If you are going to expel anyone, expel me."

The Mother Superior hesitated. She looked at Abbie, then at Therese, and said, solemnly:

"Insubordination and deceit must not go unpunished. I shall communicate all the circum-

stances of the case to your parents. The classes may now go to their respective class-rooms."

A few days later Abbie was summoned to the reception room, and was much surprised to find her father and her brother Bearie in consultation with the Mother Superior. They had just arrived with a raft of timber—the first raft from the Ottawa—and had come to arrange with the nuns to have Abbie spend the evening with them. The Chief looked very grave as he tried to decipher the tattered letter which the Mother Superior translated to him. He said:

"Abbie is a giddy, foolish, light-hearted girl, whose spirits often carry her beyond bounds. I shall be returning to the Utawas in a few days and shall take her home with me. She will be safe at home," he said, as the Mother tried to dissuade him from his purpose.

"Now that your daughter is on restriction of leave she will be perfectly safe with us. We make an exception, of course, in the case of parents taking their daughters out."

No sooner had they emerged from the stone walls of the convent than Abbie related the whole affair to her father, who reproved her for her folly and gave her what is rarely appreciated, sound, fatherly advice.

On reaching the hotel Bearie introduced to his sister an awkward, bashful youth named

Thomas Brigham, who had come down with them on the raft.

"What part of the backwoods do you come from?" she asked, coldly.

"From the township of Hull," he responded.

"Did you ever see a city before?"

"Well, no, I cannot say that I have, except Montreal and Three Rivers," he replied, as he scraped the mud off his long boots with his pocket knife.

"I thought not," she said.

Her father moved uneasily in his seat on observing the embarrassment of the young man, and said, gravely:

"Thomas is not as rough as he looks. He is one of the ablest young men in the settlement. He may lack the veneer of an officer, but you will find as the years go on that there is no discount on Thomas."

So saying, he arose from the table, and, taking his hat from the rack, said: "Come, let us walk out and see something of the city."

They were coming up St. Peter Street. Abbie was laughing and jesting with Bearie, when they came face to face with Lieutenant Randall.

"Let me introduce you to my brother, Lieutenant Randall," said Abbie. "And this is my father," she said, mischievously.

"Aw, I am awfully pleased to meet you, sir,"

he said, with a perplexed and bewildered expression on his face.

He then turned to Bearie and said: "It is difficult to determine sometimes when Miss Onodis is in jest and when in earnest. She led me to believe that she was the daughter of an Indian chief, and the truth is only now beginning to dawn upon me."

"You have not been misinformed," said Bearie. "My father has the honor to be Chief of one of the Algonquin tribes of the Utawas, but why do you not call my sister by her right name?"

"Aw, pardon me—pardon me! I did not understand, of course. I am to address your sister in future as——

"Miss Wright," said Bearie.

The young lieutenant became a frequent visitor at the hotel while the Chief was negotiating sales of lumber, and had kindly undertaken to assist him in securing an Englishman qualified to fill the position of bookkeeper and tutor to the younger children.

Several weeks passed. All business arrangements having been concluded, Abbie was taken from the convent preparatory to leaving for home, when the young officer approached the Chief and said:

"I have been earnestly hoping for an oppor-

tunity of seeing you privately, sir, with reference to your daughter, whose hand I desire to seek in marriage."

"My daughter is not eligible for marriage," replied the Chief, with a twinkle in his eye, "as she is pledged, provisionally, to one of the chiefs of our tribe."

"I cannot think that Ab—— Miss Wright has led me on only to disappoint me at last. Have you any reason to believe that her engagement with the Chief is an affair of the heart?"

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Bearie, who proposed that they should walk out to the square and watch the setting sun.

Abbie and Bearie tried to outrival each other in relating anecdotes and incidents of interest which had taken place during the interval of absence from each other, in the vain hope of arousing the interest of their military friend, who sat on the end of a bench twirling his swagger stick nervously.

"There was an Indian girl in the convent," said Abbie, "who was engaged to be married to one of her own tribe, and a few days before the wedding we took up a collection among the girls and bought her a trousseau. It consisted of a very stylish poke bonnet trimmed with ostrich tips, a purple Irish poplin dress with ten flounces

bound with black velvet, a black lace shawl and a liberal supply of underclothing. The poor girl was immensely pleased with the gift, and wore a perpetual grin from the time it was presented to her till she left.

"The day after the wedding the young bridegroom was seen parading the streets dressed in the bride's clothes. The ribbons of her bonnet were roughly twisted under his chin, the lace shawl hung over one shoulder, the hoopskirts were wabbling about in a most extraordinary manner. He seemed much pleased with the amusement it created and laughed as heartily as any of the crowd. His love of adornment had so triumphed over his new-found affection that he left his dusky bride disrobed to weep over it."

"Take heed, take heed, Miss Wright, lest a similar fate be yours," said the young officer.

Abbie looked puzzled, but made no response. "Tell us something about your experiences on the way down," she said, addressing her brother, whom she had seen but once since his arrival.

"We were seven weeks coming down on the raft."

"A raft—a raft? What is that?" interrupted the officer.

"It is an immense flotilla," said the Chief, "made up of numerous sections or cribs of

timber, lashed together by green withes, which are easily detached from the main flotilla or raft, and which are capable of being rowed by long rude oars. We constructed on one of these cribs a sandy hearth, above which we made a roof with no walls, which served as a protection from rain. Six little cabins, not unlike dog-kennels, were formed of broad strips of bark, in which each man found a bed. As we drifted down the river cheer after cheer went up from the settlers who had gathered on the point to see us off."*

"All went well until we reached the Carillon Rapids. We succeeded in getting nineteen cribs over safely, and Martin and Bearie were steering the next, when a gale sprang up from the south and it blew them so near to the north shore at the head of the bay that Captain Johnson, whom we hired to help us over the rapids, thought best to send a canoe to take them off, but he was too late to overtake them. You had better tell the rest of the story," he said, turning to Bearie, who sat with his hands in his pockets leaning against a tree.

"We got through the first chute all right," said Bearie, "but the wind blew us on to the

* In the list of provisions for the journey the Chief mentions, in his diary of June 11th, 1806, "The bread of 3½ bushels of wheat £1 6*s.* 3*d.*

rapids above Green Island and the crib stuck on the rocks. We worked all day to get her off, but it was no use. At last there was a creak and a crash, and the whole thing went to 'smithereens.' One stick only remained on the rock, with Martin clinging to one end and me to the other. It worked like a 'see-saw'; when Martin came up I went down, and when I came up Martin went down. Though my eyes, ears, nose and mouth were full of water, I managed to call out,—

"'Ough, Martin; how do you like that?'

"Then Martin went up and I went under, and he called out:

"'How do you like it yourself, youngster?'

"At length they got us off by throwing a rope from a point above and letting it float down to where we were. I managed to get hold of it first and tied it round my waist, and it was all I could do to keep my head above water in the raging torrent. I was not sorry, as you may imagine, to see a boat put out from Barron's Point to pick me up. They tried the same plan with Martin, and got him off safely, too.

"When we came to the head of the Sault we had to hire some Indians from Caughnawaga," continued Bearie. "They could not speak English, and we could not understand much French so father wrote down in his note-book a good

"When Martin came up I went down."—*p. 92.*

'That is a nice little toad, madam.' We were a long time trying to find out the meaning of *Puck-a-pab*, and were amazed when they told us on reaching here that it meant '*Pas capable*,' 'not able.'"

"I find it exceedingly difficult," remarked the officer, "to understand the language of the habitants, though I studied French with an excellent tutor."

"We had a terrific storm while anchored at Pointe aux Trembles," said Bearie. "The sky grew densely black; every moment broad zig-zag flashes lighted up the dark, angry-looking water. Father and I were on shore, and we crawled beneath a large upturned tree root to keep dry, for the rain soon began to fall in torrents. It was well we did, for the hurricane swept the masts, tents, cabins, and even the roof of the caboose away down stream, and scattered the cribs in all directions. We were three days looking for lost timber and repairing damages."

"I should not omit to tell you of our experience at the Long Sault. We were thirty-six days getting through the rapids. The habitants shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders and said: 'Il n'est pas possible (It is not possible); what *has* never been *can* never be, and the man who would attempt such a thing is a fool.'

"While camping there one evening we met a

priest and some Frenchmen who were on their way to one of the back settlements. The priest was not a bad fellow. He spoke good English and was very kind and affable, and he invited us to go with him and his party to see the site of an old French palisade fort, which he called the Thermopylæ of Canada, and where, he said, the most daring deed ever attempted on this continent took place nearly one hundred and fifty years ago."

"Tell us about it," said the officer.

"You tell about it, father," said Bearie.

"It is a long story," replied the Chief, "but I shall try to tell it as briefly as possible. The priest said that the French colonists had suffered much from the cruelty of the Iroquois tribes, who had decided to destroy the whole French colony. A Mohegan Indian told the French that eight hundred Indian warriors were encamped near Montreal, and would soon be joined by four hundred more from the Uttawas, and that they had planned to take Quebec, kill the Governor, burn up the town, massacre the inhabitants; after which they would proceed to do the same with Three Rivers and Montreal.

"A young officer named Daulac, who was in command of the garrison at Montreal, proposed to entrap them on their way down the Ottawa and fight them. Sixteen young fellows from

Montreal volunteered to go with him. They did not know much about canoeing, for they were a whole week in attempting to pass the swift current at St. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. In the meantime they were overtaken by forty Hurons and several Christian Algonquins. When they saw the rushing, foaming waters of the Sault they decided to go no farther, for they knew that the Iroquois were sure to pass there. He pointed out a spot just below the rapids, where the woods slope gently down to the shore, where an old Algonquin palisade fort stood. 'It was,' he said, 'a mere enclosure of trunks of trees planted in a circle.' In a few days they saw two Iroquois canoes coming down the Sault. Daulac and his men hid behind the bushes and, as they landed, shot all but one, who escaped and fled through the forest to the main body.

"'Suddenly,' said the priest, 'a fleet of canoes filled with Iroquois came bounding down the rapids. Soon as they landed they smashed the bark canoes of the French, and, kindling the bark, ran up to set fire to the palisade. Three times they attempted to storm the little fort, but were driven back by the deadly fire of the small garrison. Their rage was unbounded. They sent word to five hundred of their tribe, who were camped at the mouth of the Richelieu, to

come to their aid. This so frightened the Hurons that they deserted and betrayed the smallness of their force to the enemy, who advanced with yells, firing as they came on. But again they had to fall back, owing to the deadly fire of the French. The latter held out for three days, and the Iroquois were on the verge of giving up the siege when they resolved to make one last attempt. They made large, heavy shields, four or five feet high, by lashing together three split logs fastened together with cross bars. Under cover of these they advanced, reached the palisade, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their axes until they cut their way through. Daulac filled a large musketoon with powder, and after plugging up the muzzle attached a fuse, and tried to throw it over the palisade, but it fell back among the French and exploded, killing and wounding several and blinding others.

"'In the confusion that followed the Iroquois got possession. All was soon over. Daulac was the first killed, and a burst of triumphant yells went up from the savages. Five of the heroic defenders escaped and brought the news to Montreal. It proved the salvation of our French colonists in Canada,' continued the priest, 'for they felt that if seventeen white men could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long in

an old palisade like that, there would be no chance of capturing walled towns like Quebec and Montreal.'"

"If that is true," said the officer, thoughtfully, "the French must have more nerve than I ever gave them credit for."

"It was a daring deed," said the Chief, who walked off with Thomas, leaving the others to follow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW TUTOR.

1806.

THE Chief had been detained in Quebec several days longer than he intended, awaiting a schooner, when a stranger approached him and said:

"Pardon me, sir, but I have a note here from Lieutenant Randall."

Breaking the seal, the Chief read as follows:

THE CITADEL, August 7th, 1806.

P. WRIGHT, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—This will introduce to you Harold Wrenford, an old school friend from Wilton, England, who has just arrived and is seeking employment. He has references from his rector and others which would indicate that he is well fitted for the position of tutor, which I believe you wish to fill.

Wishing you and Miss Wright a *bon voyage*.—Believe me, sir,

Yours very sincerely,

WM. RANDALL.

The young Englishman was about the same height as the officer, but, unlike his friend, had

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a clean shaven face and dark auburn hair, which came almost to his shoulders. The expression of his face when in repose was pensive. An air of refinement distinguished his voice and manner. His general appearance and testimonials created a most favorable impression on the Chief, and the two were not long in coming to terms of agreement. A few hours later they were stemming the mighty current of the St. Lawrence in a small schooner, *en route* for Montreal, where the *Colombo*, a flat-bottomed bateau, was waiting to take them to their destination.

The advent of the tutor proved a most important event in the history of the backwoods settlement, and marked the beginning of a new era. Though courteous and obliging to the Chief and his family, he ever manifested a cool reserve to the neighbors, which made him most unpopular among them. They would call at the office, pay their accounts, and depart without a word of friendly greeting, or even of common courtesy.

Some regarded the tutor as a recluse with very exaggerated ideas of his own importance. Others looked upon him with suspicion, and whispered that he was probably the son of a nobleman in England who had committed a crime and had to flee the country. A general feeling of dislike began to manifest itself, which

was intensified by the fact that the Chief, who had always been geniality itself, became almost inaccessible to them. When they would call at the Wigwam to discuss current events they invariably found him engaged with Wrenford. When they would call at the office in hope of hearing something of the outside world —for newspapers rarely reached the township at that time, and the Chief was the only link between them and civilization—the ubiquitous Wrenford was ever intruding and diverting the Chief's attention.

Nor were the neighbors alone in feeling that they had lost a friend. The sons began to realize that the young Englishman was determined to have the sole monopoly of their father's society. From early childhood they had been the inseparable companions of their father. Rarely did he enter upon any new enterprise without first discussing it with them in all its bearings; but, since the new regime, their father's plans and projects were generally communicated to them through the tutor. Even Mrs. Wright had cause to regret the advent of the new tutor, for she was not slow to observe a growing apathy in her husband to the Sunday service in the little congregational meeting-house.

The basis of union between the Chief and the tutor was not altogether unintelligible, and

was not as unreasonable as the family seemed to think. It was founded upon mutual interests, strengthened by mutual assistance. The tutor wrote a good hand, the Chief a very poor one, having lost the use of his right hand through an injury. The tutor had a natural talent for making out estimates and accounts. He had a kind of information which had been gleaned from centres of civilization which was helpful to the Chief, who had spent years in the seclusion of the settlement.

Months passed. Unknown to any one, Wrenford often imagined what his life would be if Abbie could be induced to love him. This one thought, fervent and strong within him, filled him with constancy of purpose. Through all the duties of life this purpose inspired him, but any advances that he ventured to make were met with a cool reserve, which repelled him. He strove against the cruel wounds in his heart, and sought by every art in his power to win her.

It was evident to all in the family circle that Abbie had become a changed girl since her stay in Quebec. Cheerfulness had always been her chief characteristic. Peals of laughter and French and English songs, with choruses, could be heard wherever she presided. Even in the poultry yard her rich fund of humor

manifested itself in the naming of her feathered flock. A bronze turkey, stately and dignified, was addressed as Chief Machecawa; a big Brahma cock, who held his head above the others, she called "Harold the Great;" while another cock, almost as gay and proud in appearance, and who manifested a decided antipathy to the Brahma, was designated as "Thomas à Becket;" while still another was "William the Conqueror." All these creatures had distinct personalities and dispositions of their own, and were called after noted historical characters whose first names corresponded to those of her numerous suitors whom they were supposed to resemble. Like Bearie, her stories of bygone days were the product of a shrewd mind, a keen sense of humor, and a clear memory. She disliked housework and fancy-work, and all kinds of systematic work except weaving. When set to tease wool, every hard and knotty tuft was tossed into the fire. When stockings were given her to darn, she ran a gathering string round each hole and drew it together regardless of the discomfort of the wearer. She liked weaving. It was the only work she did like, and it fell to her lot consequently to supply the house with flannel and linen. The coarse but snowy table covers Abbie had spun and woven with her own hands

from flax grown on the farm. The boys' shirts were made by her from the wool of their own sheep. Few women of the settlement could outrival her in the lost art, for she could make between forty and fifty yards of flannel in a week.

Since her visit to Quebec much of Abbie's buoyancy seemed to have faded from her life. Her eye had lost much of its animation. Her step had lost its sprightliness.

"If Abbie had remained in the convent another month," said Christie to his mother, "you would never have seen her again except with a black veil and through iron bars. In fact, it would not surprise me if she has not even now serious intentions of taking the veil."

Bearie suspected the true cause of the melancholy state of mind into which his sister had fallen, but said nothing.

By night and by day there remained with her a vision of a tall, handsome young man, with flaxen hair and moustache—a rare appendage in those days—dressed in the gay uniform of a British officer, with its large epaulets, queer cocked hat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and with polished sword dangling by his side—an officer as gay as his uniform.

"Why have so many letters remained unanswered?" she mused. "He seemed almost over-

whelmed with emotion when we parted. I feel convinced that nothing but my father's presence prevented him from pouring forth a passionate farewell. His hand trembled as it touched mine. How tender, how embarrassed he seemed when he attempted to express his last words. Why, oh! why does he not write?"

Disappointment was overshadowing her life. She was not aware that her father had rejected him as a suitor, and there had stolen into her mind solemn wonderings and hopes that sometime, somewhere, the deepest longings of her heart might be realized. She had nothing against Harold Wrenford. On the contrary, she saw much in him to admire. His English voice and manner reminded her in many ways of Randall's. Notwithstanding his unpopularity with the neighbors and her brothers, her soft heart and susceptible spirit were well calculated to respond to the slight ebullitions of tender regard which he had on several occasions ventured to manifest, but which she ever resented.

Wrenford held to his purpose, unsuspected and unaided, with as much tenacity as Abbie held to hers.

CHAPTER X.

TOBACCO OFFERINGS.

1808.

IT was a beautiful moonlight evening in August. A shadowy haze lingered over the river, which glistened and sparkled in the moonlight. The Chief and several members of his family were seated on the beach in front of the Wigwam listening to the Honorable Joseph Papineau, who, with his son, Louis Joseph, had come up in a canoe to see the falls. The former had recently purchased from Bishop Laval the unsettled seigniory of Petit Nation, and had erected an unpretentious cottage, which he occupied during the summer months.

"It was a lovely vision," said Mr. Papineau, who had just performed the feat of canoeing to the foot of the Chaudiere Falls for the first time. "On our return we climbed the rugged cliff on the south side, and never shall I forget the panorama that spread out before us. The sun, sinking slowly behind the Laurentian hills, had clothed himself with a robe of splendor. The long reflections lay soft on the waters of the

HON. LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU AND MADAME PAPINEAU.

From Morgan's "Types of Canadian Women" (copyright, 1903), by permission.

river below. The clouds of ascending mist from the Chaudiere took a thousand shades of color as the western sky faded slowly from crimson into gold and from gold to green and gray, and finally displayed dark shapes, out of which imagination might well have formed a thousand monsters.*

"As we watched the gathering shadows my thoughts went back two hundred years, to the time when Champlain went on his first trip up the 'Riviere des Algoumequins,' as he called it. About two years before he took the trip he sent Nicholas de Vignan, a young Frenchman, up the river with some friendly Indians, and Nicholas had returned with the marvellous story that he had reached the North Sea. He said that the journey could be made in a few days. He also gave an account of having seen the wreck of an English ship.

"Champlain was completely taken in, and lost no time in starting off to verify the discovery for which the world had been looking for some time. His fleet consisted of two canoes with

*Louis Joseph, afterwards known as the Demosthenes of Canada, and who almost succeeded in making Canada a Republic, with himself as President, was evidently much impressed with the scene, which he described as follows: "Le soleil etait pret decendre sous l'horison, la mureille tout limpide etait d'une transparence vivre, tout penetree de lumiere vaguement prismatiseé."

two Indians and three Frenchmen, one of whom was De Vignan. It was in May, when the river was at its height. When they reached the Gatineau the Indians told him that their tribe were often compelled to conceal themselves amid the hills of the Upper Gatineau from their dreaded enemies, the Iroquois. When Champlain beheld the twin curtain falls yonder, 'like a slow dropping veil of the thinnest lawn,' he exclaimed, 'Le Rideau! Le Rideau!' The Indians told him that the waters formed an arcade under which they delighted to walk, and where they were only wet by the spray. As they rounded the lofty headland opposite he saw the cloud of mist rising from the falls, which the Indians called the 'Asticou,' which means 'Chaudiere' in French, or 'kettle' in English, for the water has worn out a deep basin into which it rushes with a whirling motion which boils up in the midst like a kettle.

"You have probably been close enough to have seen it, Madame?" he said, addressing Mrs. Wright.

"No," she replied, "I have always been too timid to venture so near to it in a canoe."

"Champlain said," continued Mr. Papineau, "that he paddled as near as possible to the falls, when the Indians took the canoes and the Frenchmen and himself carried their arms and

provisions. He described with great feeling the sharp and rugged rocks of the portages to pass the falls and rapids until at last, in the afternoon, they embarked upon the peaceful waters of a lake where, he said, there were very beautiful islands filled with vines and with walnut and other agreeable trees."

"There are no walnuts on the islands of Lake Chaudiere," interrupted Bearie, "I am quite sure."

"He probably saw a butternut tree," said young Louis Joseph, "and thought it produced walnuts."

"Champlain's journey came to an abrupt close a few days afterwards," said Mr. Papineau, "when he reached Allumette Island, about seventy miles farther up the river. There was a large settlement of friendly Algonquins, called 'Les Sauvages de l' Isle,' and Champlain tried to obtain several canoes and guides to proceed farther. They, however, had their own commercial reasons for keeping the French from the upper country, and they warned him of the danger of meeting the terrible tribe of the Sorcerers. Champlain said that De Vignan had passed through all these dangers. The head Chief then said to the impostor :

"'Is it true that you have said that you have been among the Sorcerers ?'

"After a long pause he said: 'Yes, I've been there.'

"The Indians at once threw themselves upon him with fierce criès as if they would have torn him to pieces, and the Chief said:

"'You are a bold liar. You know that every night you slept by my side with my children. How have you the impudence to tell your chief such lies?'

"The upshot was that Champlain returned down the Ottawa, followed by an escort of fifty canoes.

"When the party reached the Chaudiere the savages, he said, performed their mystic rites. After having carried their canoes to the foot of the Falls, they gathered in a certain spot where one of them, provided with a wooden dish, passed it round, and each one placed in the dish a piece of tobacco.

"The collection finished, the dish was placed in the midst of the band and all danced around it, chanting after their fashion. Then one of the chiefs delivered a harangue, explaining that from olden times they had always made such an offering, and that by this means they are protected from their enemies and saved from misfortune, for so the devil persuades them. Then the same chief took the dish and proceeded to throw the tobacco into the Chaudiere, amid

"The Chief proceeded to throw the tobacco into the Chaudière."
—*p. 110.*

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the loud shoutings of the band. 'They are so superstitious,' said Champlain, 'that they do not believe that they can make a safe journey if they have not performed this ceremony in this particular place.'

"Ah, Monsieur," Mr. Papineau continued, "it stirred my soul as I stood on that rocky cliff and thought of how many canoes of heroic missionaries, Indian braves and cheery voyageurs have paddled these waters and torn their feet on the rocky shores, going, some of them to death and some to tortures worse than death. As we drifted down with the current in the moonlight the gentle breeze in the pines along the shore seemed to be whispering sad tales of other days."

Mr. Papineau, who had spoken with such animation and fluency, relapsed into silence for several minutes, then, rousing himself, said, with even greater enthusiasm and vigor:

"Providence has crowned our lives with great blessing since the heroic Daulac struck the death-blow to the power of the Iroquois in this country, and since the English undertook the responsibility of its government. Though I am proud of the fact that every bone and muscle, nerve and sinew within me is French, though I dearly love my Mother Country and my fellow countrymen, I have no hesitation in making the

solemn assertion that our country has enjoyed a greater degree of prosperity under the new regime than it ever did under the old. But it must ever be remembered that much of the foundation of that prosperity was laid in the blood of the early French martyrs and in the heroic achievements of the early French settlers."

It seemed incredible to the visitors that in a settlement of so recent date their host should have been able to show them a grist-mill, a saw-mill, a vegetable alkali factory, a tannery, a small foundry, a tailor shop, a bakery, a general store, and a hemp-mill, giving employment to over one hundred men.

Fortunately for the pioneers of the Ottawa, they were not dependent upon the small revenue derived from the cultivation of the land, but had other resources which afforded them much greater remuneration. The British Navy, which hitherto had been dependent upon Russia for its cordage and lumber, had to look elsewhere for its supply of hemp and timber, owing to the ports of the Baltic having been closed to British ships.

The price of hemp having risen from £25 to £118 per ton, they undertook the cultivation of it, and raised over three-fourths of the amount raised in Lower Canada at that time. The exportation of lumber and vegetable alkali, or

potash, were also great sources of revenue. In the new clearances were tons of wood ashes from which the lye was extracted and boiled till it looked like molten iron, a barrel of which sold at that time for thirty dollars.

Prosperity and success crowned every commercial enterprise upon which they ventured until fire swept every mill, factory and dwelling in the thriving little village out of existence, including thousands of dollars in cash in a small safe in the office, quantities of wheat, hemp, sawn lumber, laths and general merchandise.

As there was no compensation in the way of insurance, the loss was much felt.

Philemon Wright was not the man to be deterred from climbing the ladder of success, even though he had to mount it by the rungs of adverse circumstances. Though the loss sustained was great, almost overwhelming, he rose above it with a courage which yielded not to disappointment or failure.

The cause of the fire long remained a mystery. That it was the work of an incendiary was beyond question. Various theories were advocated by the settlers, but suspicion rested upon Machecawa, who, it was alleged, had been seen by the bookkeeper at a late hour lingering about the mills, a suspicion which gained no credence with the Chief and his family.

CHAPTER XI.

SNARES.

1812.

MACHECAWA, who was still a widower, made no secret of his admiration of Abbie. With a dogged determination, characteristic of his race, he resolved to win her, and having evidently made a deep study of the case, had put it down as a first axiom that, if he began by wooing the father and brothers, all things being favorable, he would soon have the daughter and sister. He had not been slow to observe a change in the atmosphere of the Chief's home since Abbie's return from the convent. He felt instinctively a lack of warmth in the welcome received. He had little encouragement to spend the day in the kitchen as he had done formerly.

This coolness on the part of the weaker members of the family he attributed to two things. First, that they had moved into a new house overlooking the Falls, on the western hill of the village, which they regarded as altogether too grand for him; and, second, that Harold

Wrenford had succeeded in rousing within them a want of trust and a suspicion that he had sinister designs upon certain members of the family.

Numerous and costly gifts and game of all kinds found their way to the White House, as the new home was called. A short deerskin coat, or shirt, beautifully embroidered with colored silks and beads, was sent to the Chief. Moccasins similarly decorated were given to his sons. Baskets and bark boxes ornamented with colored porcupine quills were presented to Mrs. Wright, who was suspicious of the motives which prompted these offerings.

The two younger boys, who were still in their teens, were delighted with the attentions of the Red Chief, for he taught them many lessons in hunting and trapping, and confided to them many secrets unknown to white men. Casting his Indian superstitions to the winds, he told them of the existence of iron mines in the neighboring hills. He led them into the depths of the forests that they might witness one of the strangest of ceremonies, which the Indians were shy of performing in the presence of whites—the ceremony of the marriage of the nets—and which Rug afterwards described as follows:

"Supper was hardly finished when a huge fire

was kindled on an open space on the bank of the river, and their Chief called out in a loud bass voice, 'Ho!'

"'Ho! Ho!! Ho!!!' came thick and fast from every part of the camp.

"They then surrounded two beautiful young Indian girls, and laying at their feet several rude nets, which had been made from the inner bark of trees, commenced to dance round them, yelling, stamping with their feet and brandishing their arms, while the two Indian maidens, who stood apart from each other, raised the nets between them and held them suspended in the air.

"Again the Chief called 'Ho!' and they all fell on their backs silent and motionless, with their feet towards the fire, while the Chief, with a loud voice, called upon the spirit of the nets to do its best to furnish them with food for themselves, their wives and their children. Then he addressed the fish, urging them to take courage and be caught, assuring them that the greatest respect would be paid to their bones."*

Machecawa frequently took the boys with him when he visited traps on the "Carman Grant."† On one occasion they crossed the ice

*Parkman mentions this as a common ceremony among the Algonquin tribes of the Ottawa.

† The present site of the city of Ottawa.

on snow-shoes, climbed the cliffs, and made their way through the woods to the head of a small stream in the midst of a great cedar swamp. They followed the stream through marsh and thicket, crawling on their hands and knees at times, and climbing over fallen trees, until they came to a large pond with a dam about thirty rods long. On one side the land was low, but on the opposite side a steep bluff of about thirty feet rose directly from the water. The bluff was covered with poplar and birch. Here beaver had made roads, or slides, from top to bottom, wonderfully smooth and neat, on which they slid the wood they had cut, some of which was eight inches thick, into the pond below. Machecawa, who had previously cut a gap in the dam and made a hole in the ice, where he had set two traps in about four inches of water, drew up the first of them. He discovered that a young beaver had been caught, and cut off his leg, leaving that in the trap to tell the tale. In the second was a huge male with flat, broad, scaly tail, which could not have been mistaken for any other creature than a beaver. He re-baited the traps with an aromatic substance called castor, which he had taken from the pouches of one caught a few days previously, and which entices the beaver from a great distance.

"Machecawa," continued Rug, "then began to mutter a monotonous song which he afterwards explained was a song of praise to the great king of the beavers, who, he declared, was the forefather of the human race. In it he described their good qualities, and promised to respect the bones of the one which had been killed, and to keep them from the dogs.

"'Surely, Machecawa,' I said, 'you do not believe that your grandfather was a beaver, do you?'

"To this he replied: 'De fadder ob de fadder ob de fadder ob my fadder, she am de king of de beaver an' de fadder ob all men.'

"I asked him," said Rug, "if in that case it were not wrong to kill a beaver, for I hardly knew how to reconcile the Indian's superstitious belief with his conduct.

"'When de big Injun she am kill de beaver,' he replied, 'she praise de good beaver, and de king she am pleese an' she no get cross.'"

Proceeding eastward they soon reached the Rideau, and following the ice on snow-shoes they were surprised to hear the sound of a woodman's axe in the distance. They followed the direction from whence the sound came and found a white man, Braddish Billings by name, hewing out for himself a home in the forest. He was as much surprised at seeing them as

they were at seeing him, as he did not expect to find any white man, except Mr. Honeywell, in the vicinity of his grant.

They had not gone far when the Indian drew their attention to the tracks of a jumper in the snow. Following the track for a mile they came upon a small clearing, in the midst of which stood a log shanty, and found that it had been built by Mr. Honeywell, who, like Mr. Billings, had made his way through the wilds from Prescott with a jumper drawn by a young ox, upon which he had strapped all his household effects, provisions and tools.

They then followed a trail which led down to the little Chaudiere, where Machecawa had a moose snare. He had driven two oak pegs into two large pine trees, about six feet from the ground, on opposite sides of the trail. On these he hung a cord about the size of a cod-line, formed of thirty strands of the green skin of a moose and arranged as a noose, one end of which was securely attached to a fallen log, so that when the moose would come down hill for a drink he would run his head into it and the strip would slip off the pegs and tighten round his neck; then, in attempting to get free he would become strangled, for the log to which he was attached could not be dragged through the woods.

At the mouth of a creek which ran through a deep ravine* the Indian had set traps for mink and otter. Cautiously they approached the spot, keeping to the lee side till they reached the bank, where they remained quietly for several minutes. They soon observed two young otters crawling to the top of the opposite bank, a height of about thirty or forty feet. No sooner had they reached it than they slid head-first down into the water. This was repeated over and over again until someone stepped on a dry branch, which snapped, and they disappeared and were not seen again.

* The present Water-works viaduct.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. BANCROFT'S SUGARING-OFF.

1814.

NANCY CHAMBERLAIN and Sarah Olmstead were neighbors, and were the recipients of numerous visits from Phil and Bearie. It had been commented upon by many in the settlement that there had been an unusual number of "bees" during the autumn and winter. Among others, Mrs. Olmstead had a husking-bee, but did not invite many of the neighbors, who therefore were not slow in imputing to her certain designs in trying to form a relationship with the Chief's family.

Mrs. Chamberlain also had a bee, an apple-drying bee, and, following the example of her friend and neighbor in the exclusiveness of her invitations, brought herself under the same ban as Mrs. Olmstead. Whereupon Mrs. Bancroft, who also had a marriageable daughter, resolved, when the spring days should come, to have a "sugaring-off," and to teach her ambitious neighbors a thing or two about entertainments. Invitations were accordingly sent to all the New Englanders in the settlement, including rich

and poor, young and old, and extensive preparations made for the greatest social event of the season.

Among those who accepted the invitation were the Allens, the Sheffields, the Townsends, the Wrights, the Eberts, the Wymans, the Olmsteads, the Chamberlains, the Fessendens, the Honeywells, and the Moores. These with many others gathered round the glowing, crackling fire, above which a huge new potash kettle was suspended by crotched sticks.

"It will soon be ready to pour into the smaller kittle," said Ephraim Bancroft, "for it has been boilin' stiddy since mornin'. I only found out this spring that it takes nearly twice as long to boil down the last sap of the season as it does the first, and it is not near so sweet."

"Be careful, Ephraim," said Mrs. Bancroft, "you're pilin' on too much wood. It's getting quite syrupy, an' you'll burn it if you're not more careful. Keep the fire low and stiddy."

The young people were having a gay time coasting down hill over the 'crust' on Dudley Moore's traineau, while the men and women "hugged" the fire and discussed the all-absorbing subject of the American invasion. The Chief had just returned from Montreal, and had the latest war news, which was received with keenest interest.

"It was rumored," he said, "that Wilkinson was coming up Lake Champlain with six thousand men, followed by Hampton with a large force, and De Salaberry and Macdonell posted our men in such advantageous positions, and were so successful in concealing the weakness of our force, that Wilkinson and his men had to beat a hasty retreat.

"You have probably heard," he continued, "that Colonel Morrison met Boyd on the St. Lawrence, near Cornwall, on his way to attack Montreal, and drove him back to Plattsburg."

"If they get Montreal," said Mr. Fessenden, "the whole of Canada will fall into their hands."

"What is the whole fuss about, anyhow?" asked a shrewd little New Englander from one of the back settlements, who had bought a tract of land and was paying for it in work.

"It is a long story," replied the Chief, "and a sad one, but I shall try to explain to you in as few words as possible the whole trouble, for there are several here to-night who have strong prejudices against Britain, which should be removed.

"Ever since America, the elder daughter of Great Britain, wanted to commence housekeeping for herself, and had such difficulty in escaping from her arbitrary old father, she has not had the kindliest feelings toward him.

She lost sight of the fact that the British Parliament was by no means the British people, a great majority of whom sympathized with her in her struggles for constitutional liberty, and regretted the misery it produced.

"Though not actuated by hostile feeling against the father, she was determined to overturn his short-sighted policy. Washington did his best to repress the anti-British spirit which pervaded the Democratic party, and succeeded in establishing a commercial treaty with Britain, but unfortunately after his death the Democratic party came into power, and the dislike for everything British began to show itself more than ever.

"Meanwhile Europe was almost completely at the mercy of Napoleon. England, whose fleet swept the seas, being the only obstacle in his way, he determined to strike at her power at the most vital part, so he closed all the ports of Europe against her manufactures, and authorized the seizure of all vessels bound for British harbors.

"England retaliated by declaring all the ports of France and her allies from which the British flag was excluded in a state of blockade. In doing this Britain was merely adopting Bonaparte's own measures against himself.

"This state of things paralyzed American

trade, and the Democratic party made it a favorable opportunity of stirring up feeling against England, instead of against Bonaparte, who alone was responsible.

"Meanwhile two or three unfortunate circumstances, as you are aware, helped to widen the breach. An American frigate, the *Chesapeake*, was cruising off Virginia, and as she had some British deserters on board, was hailed by an English man-of-war, the *Leopard*, and a formal demand was made for these men. The American captain refused to admit the right of search, whereupon a broadside was fired from the British ship, and the deserters were given up.

"The English Government did not approve of the act, and offered to make reparation, but Congress declared war. About the same time Britain withdrew the Order-in-Council which affected the American trade, and though it was known in the United States that the cause of the war had been removed, Congress did not recede from its hostile position, but had decided to drive Britain from Canada, and to add it as another State to the Union. This policy was opposed by the Republican party, who sent delegates from several counties in New York protesting against the war."

"Someone told me," said Mr. Townsend, "that

on the day war was declared all the ships in Boston harbour displayed flags at half-mast, and at a meeting of the citizens resolutions were passed stating that the proposed invasion of Canada was unnecessary and would lead to connection with France, which would be destructive to American independence."

"Quite so," said the Chief. "Our friends in New England have much to contend with in the foreign element that is creeping into the Democratic party—such as German socialists, refugees from the Irish rebellion and of the French Revolution, who have little or no true patriotic spirit."

"Imagine any of our neighbors at Woburn," interrupted Martin Eberts, "stooping to seduce the people of this or any other country from their allegiance, and converting them into traitors, as a preparation for making them good American subjects. I hear," he continued, "that Eustis pointed out the advantage it would be to secure Canada, and said that it was a most opportune time while Britain had her whole force engaged with Napoleon."

"Yes," said the Chief, "and he stated that it could be taken without soldiers, and that if they sent a few officers into the country Canadians would rally round their standard. So they sent poor old Hull, after whom our township was

named, with twenty-five hundred men, to open the campaign in Upper Canada about two years ago. As soon as he met Brock he hoisted the white flag and fell back to Detroit, and he and all his men were taken prisoners. Hull was condemned to be shot, but was spared because of his great age, and in consideration of former good service."

"It is no wonder," said Mr. Fessenden, "that the attempt has failed, for it had not the backing of thinking men nor of true Republicans."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said the Chief. "The price of wheat has gone up three dollars per bushel, and I have just disposed of our fall crop at a profit of $7,000.

"May the war continue," said Martin Eberts, "and we'll all sow wheat."

"Let us hope that it won't," said Mr. Honeywell, "for I had to go all the way to the front for three barrels of flour, for my family was on the verge of starvation. I had just rolled it into the shanty, when who should come along but Dow and Billings, who wanted to buy two barrels, but I wouldn't sell, for I had hauled it all the way from Kingston on a jumper. Well, sir, they laid down $50, and walked off with the flour."

But to return to our party. It was a glorious moonlight night, and the young people would

probably have kept up the sport the whole night long had not Ephraim announced that the "lateer" was ready.

The cushions and buffalo robes were then taken from the sleighs and spread upon the snow, and the gentlemen served each lady with a block of hard snow, upon which had been poured some of the boiling sugar, which immediately hardened into "lateer," or taffy.

For a time there was a lull in the babel of voices, when suddenly their attention was arrested by the sound of a stealthy step of moccasined feet on the crust, and the tall, stately form of an Indian emerged from the woods.

"Hullo, Machecawa, is that you?" said the Chief. "You are just in time. We want you to show us how to dance the war-dance, and then we shall give you a good tin of 'sucre.'"

Machecawa was quite equal to the emergency, for when asked by the Chief if he liked sugar he replied:

"Ba, oui," with a decided emphasis on the "*oui.*" Then approaching the fire, he asked:

"Who belongs to dees pot?" pointing to the huge kettle.

"It belongs to Mrs. Bancroft, who will give you a good share of sugar if you will dance for us."

The young people laughed heartily as Mache-

cawa stamped and danced and sang a strange monotonous song. Not a muscle of his face betrayed fun or amusement. He went through with it all as gravely and seriously as though he were about to rush into conflict with his enemies, the inevitable whoop terminating the ludicrous performance.

By this time the sugar was ready to pour into moulds. Mrs. Bancroft had removed the small kettle from the fire, and was stirring it vigorously, when she called:

"Ephraim, it is your turn to stir now. My arms is near broke." In a moment Ephraim was beside her, and was straining the muscles of his right arm in stirring the fast cooling sugar.

The contents of the pot were then poured into dishes of various shapes and sizes, which were imbedded in the snow, the largest of which was handed to Machecawa, who sat on a fallen log and began to devour the contents greedily. At length he caught sight of Bearie, who was seated in Gideon Olmstead's cutter talking to Sarah.

"Whoop!" cried the Indian, a ray of light creeping over his dark face. "De young chief's squaw? Some tam she am dat squaw, more some time she am de odder," he said, pointing his finger at Nancy.

Shrieks of laughter resounded through the woods.

"It is precisely what we would like to know ourselves," said Mary, the Chief's youngest daughter, who had made repeated attempts to draw from the boys their purposes and plans regarding the future.

"Choose partners—choose partners for 'Auld Lang Syne,'" said the White Chief.

"They seem to have chosen partners," said Christie, "but the trouble is they won't let any one into the secret."

"No doubt," said the Chief, "they will declare their intentions in due time."

The whole party then, at Mrs. Bancroft's request, gathered in a circle round the fire, and forming a chain, sang:

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> And never brought to mind?"

After which three cheers were given for the host and hostess, who had afforded them an opportunity of spending so enjoyable an evening.

They were all seated in the sleighs and about to drive off in various directions, when Mrs. Wright called for Abbie.

"Is Abbie with you, Mrs. Olmstead?" said the Chief.

"Is she with you, Mrs. Chamberlain?"

"No, no; she is not here," cried a dozen voices.

The anxious father called, "Halt! halt! We must not leave till we can find Abbie."

"Wait a moment," said Bearie. "It has just occurred to me that Abbie left us about ten minutes ago, remarking that she had lost her muff, and was going to search for it at the foot of the hill."

They called and searched in vain, and suddenly the Chief said:

"Where is Machecawa?"

"He left some time ago on snow-shoes," said one of the party.

"Follow him up, boys," he said. "Trace the track of the snow-shoes through the woods. The moon will furnish sufficient light."

Fully a dozen volunteers responded, and hastened through the woods in the direction of the Indian's camp, where they found the Red Chief and his friends before the fire smoking.

"Have you seen Mr. Wright's daughter, Abbie?" asked Mr. Bancroft.

They shook their heads and did not move from their lazy attitudes before the fire, except Machecawa, who was on his feet in a moment, and led the way back to the sugar bush at a slow trot.

In the meantime Bearie and Thomas Brigham had followed a track leading from the foot of the hill where they had been coasting into the woods. They waded through drifts knee deep, through a forest almost impenetrable, and to their amazement found the object of their search securely lashed to a tree by a long strip of deerskin, blindfolded, and with a red handkerchief tied over her mouth. Hurriedly releasing her, they searched the neighborhood, but could find no trace of the perpetrator of the deed. She was suffering from hysteria, and could hardly give an intelligible account of what had happened.

"I saw my muff in the snow," she said, "and was stooping to pick it up when someone suddenly threw a cloth over my face and tied my hands. It was all done so suddenly and gently that I had not time to see who it was, and thought it was one of the boys who had done it in jest. The truth dawned upon me when I began to struggle to get free and found myself half-dragged, half-carried through the deep snow and tied to a tree. I was nearly insane with terror. If ever I prayed in my life I prayed then to be released."

On their return home they were met by Mr. Wrenford, who asked if they had had an enjoyable time. Phil, in a very excited manner, gave

an account of the attempted abduction of his sister, whereupon the tutor exclaimed:

"Most mysterious! What treachery! What villainy! Evidently the infamous work of Indians. Where was your friend, Machecawa?" he said, addressing Abbie.

"Machecawa had absolutely nothing to do with it," replied Bearie, sharply, "nor had any of his tribe, for the tracks were made by hob-nail boots—not moccasins."

CHAPTER XIII.

ACCIDENTAL AND CONFIDENTIAL.

1815.

MR. WRENFORD, the bookkeeper, whose tutoring days were now over, sat at his desk in the office, reading letters which had come by morning post addressed to the firm.

Among the letters which he opened and read was one for Mrs. P. Wright, in care of P. Wright, jr., for Phil had chosen Sarah for his bride, and Bearie was preparing a home for Nancy. It was from Abbie, and lay bare to her bosom friend and sister-in-law the deep secrets of her heart.

She had been disappointed, and had resolved at length to give up fretting for one whom she had loved and lost. Could he ever have loved her? Why, if alive and able to communicate with her, had he remained as dead? Could it be that he had laid down his life in defence of the colony with gallant Brock at Queenston? or at Stony Creek? but that would not account for his silence before the invasion. Ever since she had parted with him at Quebec his image had

been enshrined in her heart, and now two others were seeking her hand in marriage. One, though unloved and distrusted by every member of the family, her father only excepted, had once again renewed his suit, and her heart turned to him because of his resemblance to his friend, her first love. The other was her brother's most intimate friend, who had assisted in releasing her from her perilous position the night of the sugar party. To say which she loved most was a problem. At times one seemed uppermost in her heart's affection, at times the other.

The letter closed with the following pathetic words: "Would that an angel from heaven could fly down and whisper the name of the one most worthy of my deepest confidence and love. Oft have I wondered, with swelling heart, if the Omniscient thought me unworthy to enter the sacred sphere of wedded life. Now, at last, there seems a ray of hope. Let it be fully understood, dear Sarah, that this is *entrê nous.* Do not whisper it even to Phil."

Wrenford read and re-read the precious missive, and hastily jotting down one or two sentences in his pocket-book, re-folded, re-sealed it and handed it to Phil, who came in shortly afterwards.

The Chief discovered by mere chance that evening that, for some unaccountable reason, his

bookkeeper had debited the men with the amount of their wages, and credited them with the amount of their store account, and charged a man with an order for two shillings instead of two pounds, for which he reproved him severely.

Wrenford looked dazed and bewildered, and replied with a deep sigh, after meditating for some time and shifting his attitude uneasily:

"Ah, well, sir, you see, I am not altogether responsible for my actions, for, as a matter of fact, sir, I fear that my affections have run off with my wits, and I feel impelled to lay before you a very important request. For many months I have been exceedingly desirous of approaching your second daughter with a view to marriage, but hesitated to do so without consulting you, sir. I think the time has come when your daughter would consider the matter favorably, and with your consent I shall lose no time in laying the matter before her."

The Chief tilted back his chair, thrust both hands into his pockets, and with a characteristic droop of his right eyelid said slowly:

"You have my full, free and hearty consent, and if you are successful I shall take you into the firm of P. Wright & Sons as a partner."

Wrenford went to the wicket in answer to a call from one of the employees, and the Chief left his seat and stood leaning against the high

desk with its set of books, surveying his clerk from head to foot. The fastidiousness of his dress, the arrogance of his manner, his cultured mind, his shrewd business capacity, gave additional effect to his claim. He seemed a man worthy in every way of the favor he sought.

The Chief's face was expressive of satisfaction in the highest degree, and could hardly have deceived the young Englishman with reference to what was passing in his thoughts. They left the office together at twilight and strolled beyond the village by a pleasant walk to the White House. It was a clear, calm evening, with hardly a sound to break the stillness but a cow-bell tinkling in the distance, the hum of insects and the rushing water. As they entered a grove of stately trees they beheld an unexpected vision. It was Abbie. Her proud dark eyes were fixed upon the ground as though some passion or struggle were raging within. By her side was Thomas Brigham, who stood looking intently into her face, holding her hand meanwhile.

Matters were evidently on the verge of coming to a climax when they heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Abbie looked up suddenly, her face crimsoning to the roots of her hair as she observed the cold steel-gray eyes of Mr. Wrenford looking defiantly at Thomas.

"I fear we are intruding," said the Chief, coldly.

"Not at all," replied Abbie. "Mr. Brigham has just given me a conundrum to solve, and I was trying to think of an answer."

Whereupon Mr. Wrenford said:

"By the way, Miss Wright, I have been seeking an opportunity all day of seeing you with reference to the new spinnet that your mother wished us to order from Montreal. We had a letter from the firm this morning, and I was going up to see you about it."

Almost unconsciously Abbie was led to walk with Mr. Wrenford the remainder of the way, while Thomas, biting his lips with rage, followed in solemn silence with the Chief.

It was rather late, and the Chief, following the example of the other members of the family, retired, leaving the rival suitors and Abbie in the sitting-room.

A look of triumph came into the face of Harold as she addressed her remarks mostly to him, and seemed oblivious of the presence of Thomas. This, however, faded away when she passed a small basket of maple sugar to his rival. Clouds and sunshine alternated in the faces of the jealous suitors, each of whom had made a solemn resolve to remain until after the other should withdraw. The embarrassment of the situation was relieved only when the great old-

fashioned clock struck one, and Abbie, with extended hand, advanced to Mr. Brigham and said:

"May I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you sometime to-morrow? and you, too, Mr. Wrenford," she added, as the two bowed themselves out of the door.

The progress of the suits of the rival claimants for Abbie's affections had been watched with deep interest by the villagers; in fact, it was an open secret that betting had taken place among them on the chances of Harold Wrenford and Thomas Brigham.

Abbie, who in every other matter held such decided opinions, was unable to come to a decision in this. At times, after long nights of reflection, she was disposed to accept Harold; and then, again, after other wakeful nights, she felt her inclinations turning towards Thomas.

But now things had come to a crisis. All night she tossed restlessly on her pillow, indecision and suspense depriving her of rest and peace, but as the first rays of dawn began to gild the eastern sky Abbie had resolved that she would accept the one who would come first.

At an early hour Mr. Wrenford called, and after a prolonged interview, Abbie declared to the family circle her engagement to the young

Englishman. The announcement was received in silence. Tears trickled slowly down the mother's face, while the father's was radiant with satisfaction.

It was subsequently decided to postpone the marriage indefinitely, out of deference to the wishes of the mother and brothers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MACHECAWA SCALPS THE "EENGLISHMAN."

1815.

RUG had been at "The Landing" for several hours awaiting the arrival of the *Colombo*, which was unusually late. His father had written from Quebec to have someone meet him and Abbie with a double-seated waggon on that evening.

The night was extremely dark. A high wind was blowing from the west when the lights of the boat were seen as it rounded the headland on its way to the wharf.

"We have two trunks," said the Chief, after a mutual exchange of greetings. "You had better make them secure to the rack with ropes, for we could ill afford to lose the small one."

"Or the large one either," added Abbie, "for it contains a number of very valuable purchases."

"Abbie contemplates beginning housekeeping soon," said the Chief, as they drove off together.

"The longer she postpones the evil day the better for all parties concerned," muttered Rug, who alighted from the waggon to lead the horses

over a treacherous place in the road, which was unsafe enough even in daylight. In addition to the deep ruts worn by vehicles, the road was obstructed by boulders too large to be easily removed, while deep ditches bounded it on either side. Here and there the branches of trees swept their hats off or scratched their faces. It was well that the horses knew the road and that they had a careful driver.

Chilled by her brother's remark, Abbie retorted :

" Is it necessary for me to be constantly bored with such remarks ? "

" Yes, it is necessary—unfortunately—if you would be saved from lifelong association with a bore," responded her brother.

Abbie sat back in the farthest corner of the conveyance and, biting her lips, gave herself up to a host of unhappy meditations. The boys had never given her one word of encouragement, nor had Chrissy or her mother. There had somehow stolen upon her, from time to time, an uneasy feeling that there might possibly be some grounds for their want of confidence ; but she would dismiss such a thought as soon as it presented itself and try to convince herself that their eyes were blinded by jealousy, dislike, or indifference. Far better be the wife of an educated man and a gentleman, who may not be

immaculate, she reasoned, than be the slave of a mere farmer.

"I have seen something of his business dealings," resumed Rug, with evident reluctance, "which has filled me with uneasiness. That he has been guilty of 'shady' and even dishonest transactions is certain."

On reaching the summit of the hill they were met by the full blast of the wind, which had risen to a gale, and which, together with the hoarse roar of the falls and the swish of the driving rain, produced a chorus of melancholy sounds.

"What was that?" said Abbie in a startled voice, "I thought I heard something fall."

"Just a tree in the forest," said her father, complacently, "it is not the first I've heard this evening."

"But hark!" said Abbie. "What was that?" Her ear had caught what sounded like a wild "whoop," followed by a scream, which was drowned in a gust of wind more concentrated and more fierce than before.

"Timid child," said the father, taking her hand in his, "owls and eagles are being disturbed from their peaceful slumbers. Your nervous temperament and fervid imagination easily throw you into a panic. There is nothing to fear—nothing, nothing."

At last they stood before the gates of the White House. A flickering light was in the window. Abbie bounded into the hall and into the arms of her mother, who had been watching and waiting their arrival for hours.

In the meantime consternation prevailed outside. The Chief and his son had discovered that the small tin trunk containing several thousand dollars was missing. The ropes had evidently been cut. With his heart beating violently with apprehension of an irreparable loss, or a passage at arms with a band of highway robbers, the Chief hurriedly gathered all the fire-arms, ammunition, lanterns and axes in the place and sat down to wait for Rug, who had gone to arouse some of the employees in connection with the works. He tried to remain quietly where he was, but felt so nervous and excited that he could not sit still for a moment. He seemed to think that he was losing time unless he was moving. It was an absurd idea, he knew, but he could not resist it, so he hastened down to Mr. Wrenford's boarding-house to secure his assistance, and found that that gentleman had gone out early in the evening and had not returned.

Rug having arrived with a number of brave, faithful men, they hastened back over the road to the steamboat landing. Cautiously they

crept along, scanning each blackened stump which stood out in the darkness like a fortress of the enemy, until at last the Chief, who was in advance of the search party, gave a shout:

"Come on, boys, come on!"

There by the roadside stood a tall, powerful-looking man, bending over the missing trunk. Quick as thought they surrounded him. He stood firm and erect. He moved not an inch, nor manifested any desire to escape, and as they closed in upon him, to their amazement they found it was Machecawa. In his left hand was a scalp of long auburn hair; in his right was a bag of gold, which he held up triumphantly.

"Eenglishman, he no rob White Chief no more," he said, his dark eyes flashing in the dim light of the lanterns. "Eenglishman, he no burn White Chief's mills no more. Eenglishman, he no tie White Chief's girl to tree no more," and he shook the auburn hair and danced round the box in high glee.

The Chief was stunned. Visions of the decapitated Wrenford rose up before him. He stood gazing at the Indian with mingled feelings of horror at the atrocious crime he had evidently committed, and of incredulity as to the veracity of the charges brought against his unfortunate clerk.

Machecawa advanced, and laying his hand

upon the Chief's shoulder, explained that he was crossing the road, when he observed a man climb on to the rack behind the waggon, sever the ropes that bound the trunk securely, and deliberately throw it into a mossy bank, after which he let himself down gently and proceeded to force open the lock.

"He was looking in the box," said Machecawa, "when I pounced on him and grabbed him by the hair, which came off in my hands."

He then passed it round as an object of curiosity, and after examining it closely, the Chief said, with a sigh of relief:

"It is a wig, boys, only a wig. Let us trust that the poor fellow has escaped the scalping-knife after all."

"More's the pity," growled one of the men.

The Indian proceeded with his story. Wrenford escaped to the woods, followed by himself in hot pursuit, and just as he was about to step into a canoe at the river's bank the Indian captured him and tied him to a tree, while he overturned the canoe on shore, emptying it of all its contents. Then, placing his pistol at Wrenford's clean-shaven head, he said:

"You deserve to be shot."

The robber pleaded for mercy, and the Indian promised to release him if he would never again show his face in the settlement under penalty of

death. He was then permitted to escape in his canoe.

The Indian led them through a path to the river, where they found an old carpet-bag filled with cash, a common grain sack containing family plate, a bag of provisions, and a valuable gun.

No further evidence was needed to convince the Chief of the perfidy of his clerk. He leaned against a tree unable to utter a word. There was the deerskin bag which Mary had made for the cash and which was in the safe the night of the fire. There were valuables which he had left in charge of his clerk before leaving for Quebec. The truth was only too evident. At length he was able to say:

"Thank you, Machecawa; you have done me good service to-night. I shall not forget it."

While these events were transpiring, Abbie and her mother were too anxious and excited to think of sleep. Mrs. Wright sat before the fire which roared and crackled on the spacious hearth. The angry wind whistled and howled about the house. It seemed as though the elements had gone mad with fury.

Abbie went to the window and peered out into the night. The face of heaven was dark, so dark that it seemed to frown upon her. As she stood gazing abstractedly into the darkness her

attention was suddenly attracted by the flickering light of lanterns and torches. That wild shriek which had almost paralyzed her with fear echoed and re-echoed in her ears and carried with it strange forebodings of evil. She walked up and down the room, nervously stopping now and then before the window to observe the progress of the search party on its return. Soon her father entered, looking pale and haggard.

"Did you find it, Philemon?" asked Mrs. Wright, with bated breath as she approached him.

"Yes," he replied.

Suddenly Abbie sprang towards him, and putting her arms round his neck and pressing her head against his cheek, whispered:

"I'm so glad."

"My dear child," he said, stroking her head caressingly, "though we have found what we lost, we have sustained a greater loss in Mr. Wrenford. You have cause to thank God for the greatest deliverance of your life, for he has proved himself unworthy of you. It is not necessary for you to know all the unhappy circumstances."

"Tell me all," she whispered. "Withhold nothing."

The Chief gave a brief resume of what had

happened. Abbie groaned and staggered and would have fallen had not her father's strong arms caught her and carried her upstairs to her own room.

Months elapsed before Abbie recovered from the shock. She could not escape from the sensation of having had a terrifying nightmare. Natural emotion could not be suppressed. She could do nothing but weep, and would fly to her own room, lay her face on the pillow and give full vent to her feelings. It was a long time before she was able to rise above the overwhelming sense of disappointment and loss.

CHAPTER XV.

A ROMANTIC WEDDING.

1815.

THERE came a time early in the life of Rug, the Chief's youngest son, when love of adventure gave way to a deeper, holier love. One beatific vision was ever before him—the vision of a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood.

The first glimpse he ever had of Hannah Chamberlain was at the little Congregational meeting-house, which had been supplied with a pastor by the Congregational Board of Massachusetts in response to an appeal from the settlers. He often sat gazing at her through the whole service, and whenever she looked towards him now and then she might have read in his tell-tale face the passionate emotion which stirred his heart. He was at a loss to understand why her presence had such a strange influence over him.

"She reminds me more of mother than any woman I have ever met," he mused, as he turned over the leaves of the hymn-book carelessly.

Just then Mr. Meach, who had been preaching of the love of Christ, hesitated to find a passage in the old Testament which he intended to read to the congregation. It was the momentary pause which led Rug to listen to the preaching, for he had not heard a word of what had gone before.

"David, in his lament over Jonathan, said: 'Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.' Sweeter, stronger, fuller and better than any earthly love," continued the preacher, "is the love of Christ to us. Add together all the love of all the loving hearts in the world, multiply it by infinity, and you will have a faint idea of what the love of God in Christ is. He loves you, my brethren, absorbingly, unutterably."

"What is this strange sensation that has come over me," said Rug to himself, "that seems to possess my thoughts and emotions whenever I see that beautiful girl, or hear of love?"

The more he thought of it the more puzzled he became, for hitherto there had been but little deep sentiment about Rug, who believed more in the common-place than in the romantic. He never had any inclination to read love stories, which he regarded as unreal and unnatural. But

now the probability of the improbable surprised and amused him. "This is positively absurd," he said to himself, as he stood with the rest of the congregation to receive the benediction. It was a relief to him when the service was over and he joined Chrissy on her way homeward.

Life began to have a new meaning to Rug from that day. He felt that he only began to *live* when he began to love, but he felt that it would have been an intrusion on the sacredness of his love to have mentioned it to anyone, even to Miss Chamberlain herself. Month after month passed which only served to intensify his affection. At length he sought an opportunity of laying the matter before his father. His confidence was not rudely repelled. It never had been. He was not reproached for presuming to think of love and marriage at so early an age for he was only twenty. On the contrary, his father said:

"There can be no question in my mind that wedded life is the ideal life for man—the life which God intended for you and for me. If your affections are involved, my boy, why not write and put the case before the young woman of your choice?

Acting upon his father's advice he penned the following short, manly note:

DEAR MISS CHAMBERLAIN,—I know a young man who is very fond of you. He would like to begin a correspondence with you with a view to marriage. Kindly inform me if I may hold out to him any prospect of encouragement.

Yours truly,
RUG WRIGHT.

Several days passed before he received a reply to his letter, and when at last it came his hands trembled as he broke the seal and read as follows:

DEAR MR. WRIGHT,—You certainly may not hold out any encouragement until I know the gentleman who would confer upon me the honor to which you refer.

The only true basis of such a union is love, and I cannot love one whom I do not know. If the gentleman in question will call to-morrow I shall be pleased to receive him.

Yours truly,
HANNAH CHAMBERLAIN.

The courtship thus commenced resulted a few months later in a unique wedding. Rev. Mr. Meach had given up the charge, owing to declining health and strength, and there was no clergyman available. It was therefore suggested that they send through the woods to the new Scotch settlement of Perth for a Justice of the Peace, who, it was reported, was authorized to perform marriages.

An Indian guide was secured, and Rug commenced a long and tedious journey through the forest on snowshoes.

No one but an Indian could have kept the tangled path, which led through a perfect confusion of drifts and underbrush. Though only fifty-six miles distant, they were nearly a week on the way, for after several days of circuitous wanderings the Indian was forced to admit that he was not positive as to the exact location of the settlement. Their perseverance was rewarded after five days on seeing smoke ascending from a small collection of huts.

"Is this the Scotch settlement?" asked Rug of an old man who was cutting wood.

"Ay, sir," was the reply.

"Is there a Justice of the Peace here?"

"Ay, sir."

"Well," said Rug, "I want to see him. Where is he?"

The old man dropped his axe, and going to one of the huts, knocked at the door.

"Is your gude mon at hame?" he asked of a tall, fair woman, who had all the evidence of a lady of refinement and culture.

"The Major left this morning for Montreal," she replied, "but he has appointed Archie McKeracher to act in his place during his absence."

They then approached Archie, who was busily

engaged in hewing a stick of timber near his shanty.

"I believe," said Rug, "that you are authorized to act as Justice of the Peace?"

"That I am," he said, pulling himself up as if straining to attain to the height of the dignity and importance of the position.

"And that you can issue licenses and perform marriages?"

"Ay," he said, "that I can."

"Well," continued Rug, "I want you to come down to the Chaudiere to perform a ceremony for me."

"Mon alive," he exclaimed, "would you be askin' such a thing? Dinna ye ken that my gude wife an my bairnies 'ud perish? Na! na! na!"

"But," said Rug, "I shall pay you for loss of time, and it will be to your profit. I'll give you £10 for your trouble."

"Na! na!" he said. "Ten gouden sovereigns would na pay me for my trouble."

After a long and tedious discussion it was finally decided that the Scotchman should return with them in consideration of "the young mon's importunity," and that the fee be raised to £14.

Rug and the Scotchman reached the White House just as the members of the Chief's family were gathering round the supper table, and the

devoted young lover was not slow in observing Hannah in the group.

"We have bad news for you, Rug," said his father. "We have just ascertained that marriages are not valid in Lower Canada unless performed by a minister or priest."

For a moment Rug was speechless—partly from disappointment and partly from displeasure. As he stood before them he looked a model of muscular strength and manliness, though little more than a boy. He looked fondly at Hannah, and as she met his gaze her cheeks grew crimson and her eyes dropped shyly under their long lashes. The devotion of her lover filled her with an indescribable ecstasy which thrilled her innermost soul, making it responsive to his. In her opinion Rug was all that was good and true and noble. He was her ideal, and she was determined to love, honor and obey him, humbly, tenderly, completely, submissively.

"Is an outward ceremony necessary?" he said, "to complete a union of heart and soul which was made in heaven months ago?"

"I have a plan," said the Chief, "which you will be perfectly justified in adopting under the circumstances. Let us drive down on the ice to-morrow, and halt on the other side of the

border line between the two provinces, and have our Scottish friend perform the ceremony in Upper Canada, which he is entitled to do by law."

The suggestion was received with applause by all present, and preparations for the wedding proceeded with.

On the day following, an exceedingly brief ceremony was performed on the frozen river, the only part of which the bewildered bridegroom could remember being the last words of the Scotchman: "I pronoonce ye mon and wife." The solemn words seemed to echo and re-echo in unison with the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells as he drove with his young bride through snowy fields and drifts of spotless purity to his father's house, followed by a long line of sleighs. The limbs of the dignified elms which guarded the approach to the house hung heavily glittering in the setting sun, the ice laden spruces waved wearily and crackled as the numerous guests filed into the large front room.

There was an awkward silence, as though it might have been a funeral, for the tendency of life in the woods seemed to impart to many of the early settlers something of the characteristics of their surroundings—calmness, silence, stability—and they seemed to shrink from the

sound of their own voices. Some of the young men looked as though they would like to have given up their seats to the young ladies who were standing, but were too bashful to propose it.

Fortunately the embarrassing silence was soon broken by the happy announcement that supper was ready in the kitchen.

What a bright and cheery appearance that kitchen presented! On the hearth a huge pile of dry resinous logs burned brilliantly, filling the room with light and warmth and good cheer. On the iron crane which swung back over the fire hung a huge "spare rib" of fresh pork, the gravy of which dripped into a pan below. Several pots or "kittles" were also suspended from the crane, containing fowl, potatoes, or apple-sauce, while willing hands assisted in placing upon the long trellis tables steaming hot pies, cakes, and loaves of fancy bread, which were brought from the outer brick oven.

Full justice having been done to the repast, they formed in couples, the best man with the bride. The bridegroom with the first bridesmaid led the way back to the front room, which had been cleared of all superfluous articles of furniture, and where Joe Larocque was tuning his "fiddle."

Then followed a scene of merriment such as

the young people of the settlement had never before beheld, and in which even the bashful lads who had been slow to offer their chairs to the ladies took as active a part as any. The dancing was prolonged until the small hours of the morning, when the guests drove off in the moonlight to relate the circumstances of the romantic wedding to their friends.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

1815-16.

EIGHTEEN months passed. The Chief was in Quebec with Hannah and Abbie awaiting the arrival of Rug, who had been sent by his father to the Mother Land to dispose of two cargoes of timber.

It was an unusually cold evening in June. Snow had been falling all day. The neighboring hills were covered with large feathery crystals, which, however, soon melted as the sun appeared for a moment before sinking behind the gray walls of the Castle St. Louis. Just as the evening gun was fired, news had reached the Union Hotel that a vessel had been sighted near the Island of Orleans. It was ascertained that it was the *Dorris*, in command of Captain French, and that Rug was on board. They were soon speeding down Mountain Street in a calèche to the docks, where they secured passage in a small row-boat which was going out to the vessel. The genial captain invited them to take tea with him, and said that Rug was below supervising and arranging with the Customs Officer about

the baggage of his numerous protégés, and would be on deck shortly.

Hannah burst into a paroxysm of tears when she caught sight of her long-lost lover, who had been compelled to leave only a few weeks after their marriage. He looked twenty years older, and appeared careworn, haggard and ill. As they were seated round the table he gave an account of his travels.

"When I recived your letter," he said, addressing his father, "I chartered two vessels and persuaded Archie and Jonathan Campbell to go with me for a pleasure trip. We were nearly three months tossing about at the mercy of wind and wave when a hurricane swept the deck of the vessel, carrying with it the main-mast and sails. Water began to pour in at an alarming rate, and after a desperate struggle at the pumps the captain ordered all hands on deck. We felt that we had to prepare for the worst. The sailors had abandoned the pumps from exhaustion, and Jonathan and I took their places and worked until we, too, were exhausted, and as others took our places we retired to the stern, where we found Archie in a sheltered nook, seated upon a coil of rope, playing his violin, apparently oblivious of our perilous condition.

"For two days the work at the pumps was a matter of life and death, and when at last the

wind subsided we drifted about helplessly until a passing vessel saw our signals of distress and towed us from the Bay of Biscay to Bristol, where the necessary repairs were made to enable us to proceed to Liverpool. We soon disposed of the timber at good profit, and Jonathan, Archie and I took the stage-coach for London, where we had the honor of being presented at Court to gay Prince Geordie, who is acting as Regent, owing to his father's mental derangement. I wish you could have seen the Carleton House," he said, turning to Hannah. "He built it at a cost of £250,000 sterling, and had to sell his stud of race-horses and discharge most of his servants to meet the demands of the creditors, for he had led such a wild, dissipated life that the King and Parliament refused for a long time to help him out of his difficulties.

"We visited many places of interest in London and the old farm in Kent, which we found bordered on that of General Wolfe. Then we crossed to France, and after having with great difficulty secured passports, drove to Paris.

"If we had arrived on the scene only a few months sooner we might have seen how Napoleon turned Louis XVIII. from the kingdom, or we might have seen the great battle of Waterloo; but Napoleon is now safe at St. Helena, where he was sent last October."

"The story of Napoleon Bonaparte," said Captain French, "presents probably the most remarkable example in the world of the action of great intellect and resolute will, unrestrained by conscience, and shows both the possible success which may reward, for a time, the most unscrupulous selfishness and also, fortunately, its certain ultimate failure and overthrow."

"Notwithstanding which, I have the greatest admiration for Napoleon," said Rug.

"The Captain's sentiments are mine," said the Chief. "He was a man of no conscience, no heart, and one of the most uncompromising enemies of constitutional liberty that the world has ever seen. I am amazed that a born republican like you, Rug, could see anything to admire in despotism or tyranny."

"Did you see anything of poor Josephine?" asked Abbie.

"No," he said. "The Empress Queen Dowager died two years ago, but we saw her beautiful home, 'Malmaison.'

"If one may judge from appearances, it will take many years for France to recover from the effects of the Reign of Terror. My object, however, in visiting France and England was that I might see something of their progressive developments in agriculture and commerce, so that we might adopt the newest and best methods in

building up our own little colony. I have brought with me," he continued, "the latest novelties in the way of general merchandise; I have brought the newest inventions in agricultural and milling machinery; I have Herefordshire and Devon cattle, of most renowned ancestors, who have not ceased to protest against a sea voyage from the time they left Liverpool.

"Nor is this all," he said; "I have something better still on board for the new settlement, namely, twenty-five English families, who are going to take up land in the township and pay for it in work."

"And who nearly turned mutineers," added the captain, slapping him on the shoulder, "did they not, Wright?"

"How was that?" asked the Chief.

"When we boarded the vessel at Liverpool," replied Rug, "some were bright and cheerful, but most of them were in tears, which showed that they did not leave the Old Land without a struggle. We soon weighed anchor and were under sail with a fair wind, but it came round to the east and blew fresher, so that we were forced to come to anchor not far from the place we left. The ship, as you may see, was fitted up for the timber trade, and has only a small cabin or quarter-deck. On each side are ranged two tiers of berths for passengers providing their

own bedding. Along the open space in the middle we placed two rows of large chests which were used sometimes as tables, sometimes as seats—all of which I shall show you presently. There was much noise and confusion before all found berths; crying children, swearing sailors, scolding women, who had not been able to secure the beds they wanted, produced a chorus of a very melancholy nature. The disagreeableness of it was heightened by the darkness of the night and the rolling and tossing of the ship. After breakfast, as usual, all began to be sick. I took the advice of the sailors and drank some salt water, which acted as an emetic, and I soon felt better.

"Unfortunately, while we were still at anchor, boats came from the shore with friends of the sailors, who smuggled a lot of liquor on board, and before the captain discovered it the whole crew was drunk. We were wakened at an early hour next morning by the violent motion of the ship, for there was a perfect gale blowing from the north-west. The sea was roaring and foaming around us. The passengers were all sick. Things grew worse and worse. Consternation and alarm were in every face. Children were crying, women wringing their hands, and I could see by the angry looks of the men that they would like to have thrown me overboard.

The ship had little ballast, and it mounted the waves like a feather. Sometimes a hard sea would break over her with a shock that would make every one stagger. After a sleepless night, in which I received many a bruise and uttered many a groan, the captain informed us that the squall had carried away our mainyard and rigging, and that we were on our way back to Bristol to refit. At one time, when the ship was on her side, several chests, though strongly lashed to the deck, broke from their moorings, and in their progress downwards carried destruction to everything on which they happened to fall.

"What a sight the deck presented! Do you remember, Captain? Clothes, spoons, shoes, hats, bottles, dishes, were strewn about in endless confusion. The next day the captain returned with the mainyard dragging behind his boat, but owing to a strong head wind we could not prepare nor rig it till the following day, when all the men on board who could get round it assisted at the work, and we were soon speeding along at the rate of six miles an hour with a fine favorable breeze.

"The next day we made one hundred miles in twelve hours. I cannot describe what took place after that, for I was too ill. It was well that I was ill, for the indignation of the men and

the fury of the women were almost unbounded as they thought of having consented to leave their comfortable cottages to follow me to what I had represented was a new and better country.

"As we neared the banks of Newfoundland a most extraordinary phenomenon was produced by the dashing of the salt water against the bow of the ship in the evening. The water seemed on fire and produced a very fine effect. The next day a mass of ice appeared about two hundred yards distant. It was almost half a mile in length, and was moving south-east. Soon after we found the channel between Cape Breton and Cape Ray, and got into the ice. The captain sent eight men to the bow with fenders. One piece knocked splinters off the bow and threw us all down. About five days later we reached the Island of Anticosti, but I was too ill to see it. We saw porpoises in shoals plunging about the ship, while the sailors tried to harpoon them beneath the bow. About two hundred and eighty miles below Quebec the pilot came on board. His number was painted in large characters on his sail as well as on his boat. He had a cask of fresh water and some maple sugar, which he sold at an extortionate price to the passengers.

"Near Bic Island we saw whales spouting water at a great height, and a *habitant* came out

in a boat with a large basket of eggs, which he disposed of at a shilling per dozen, and so we continued on until the domes and towers of Quebec came in sight and I began to realize the inexpressible joy of being at home once more."*

Rug was a young man of great executive ability, a young man whose word could be relied upon with absolute certainty, a young man who proved himself the very soul of honor in all his business transactions.

The rare, practical, common sense shown in the expenditure of twelve thousand dollars in the Mother Land inspired the Chief with such confidence in his son that when, a few years later, he appealed for funds for the construction of timber slides at the Chaudiere and the Chats, of which he was the inventor, his father had no hesitation in entrusting him with over one hundred thousand dollars.

* Diary of Rev. Robert Bell and letters of R. Wright.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

1819.

HULL was *en fête.* There was not a mill, shop, or dwelling but had its display of bunting and evergreens, for the new Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada, Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, had sent a courier through the woods from Richmond to inform the Chief of his intention of spending an afternoon and night in Hull, before embarking on the steamer for Montreal.

The announcement had thrown the whole population into a state of great excitement, for there were not many places in the backwoods settlement in which a duke could reasonably expect hospitality. It therefore fell to Mr. Wright's lot to have the honor of entertaining His Grace, and great and costly had been the preparations.

An hour before the time appointed for meeting him, a flotilla of bark canoes, with gay pennants floating in the breeze, drew up before

the Richmond Landing to await his arrival. They waited and waited, but he came not.

"Is he a Scotchman or an Irishman?" asked one.

"He is a Scotchman by birth and an Irishman by nature, I believe," replied the Chief. "He has the frank, benevolent, open-hearted manner so characteristic of the Irish, is a lover of fast men and fast horses, and enjoys a midnight carouse occasionally."

"Whatever induced him to take such a trip at this time of the year? Why did he not come up the Rideau in a canoe instead of walking overland from Kingston?" asked another.

"Surely he was not after big game at this time of the year," said Caleb Bellows, who kept a small shop at the Landing.

"He could have chosen a much more pleasant route and a more pleasant time of the year, when there were fewer mosquitoes and less heat, if it was a pleasure trip he wanted," said Bearie."

"I guess he reckoned on makin' a pilgrimage on foot to the Holy City of Richmond to atone for his sins, for I hear he's no saint," ventured Billy Snickel, who presented a grotesque appearance in his grandfather's velvet coat, knee-breeches and silk hat. Billy never was prepossessing in appearance, even when dressed in

velvet. His face had numerous creases and puckers, and resembled in color the foot of a goose, which indicated defective secretion on the part of the liver, and which was probably caused by excessive use of gin and tobacco. The hairs of his head were very coarse and wiry, and stood on end quite independently of each other, which gave him much the appearance of a porcupine.

"The Holy City of Richmond," as Snickel called it, was a settlement which had sprung up on the River Jock, about ten miles distant, a year previously. The settlers were all officers and soldiers of the 99th and 100th regiments, who had received grants of land from the Government, and who had decided to call the settlement Richmond, in honor of the new Governor, who, on his arrival at Quebec on H. M. S. *Iphigenia*, ordered a Royal salute to be fired from the Citadel guns as they left for their new home in the wilderness. They landed at a point south of the Chaudiere Island, where the women and children remained until the men cut a road through the woods to their grants, where they proceeded to erect temporary dwelling-places. Their landing-place at the beginning of the Richmond Road was known as Richmond Landing, and it was there that they had all gathered to await the coming of the Duke.

"It is whispered in political circles," said one, "that the Duke of Wellington—realizing the blundering policy of his predecessors, thirty-seven years ago, in submitting without a word to our friends over the border taking so large a stretch of the south shore of the St. Lawrence within their boundaries—has decided to establish a new route to the West, in order to avoid the possibility of the only means of communication between Montreal and Upper Canada being cut off in case of any further trouble that might arise. It would not be surprising if the new Governor had an idea of recommending to the Iron Duke the old Iroquois route from the St. Lawrence, near Kingston, to the Grand River, by way of the Rideau River and lakes. The whole route could be made navigable by means of a series of canals."

"Why was it called the Iroquois route?" interrupted a lean, lanky individual, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, who shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Because the Iroquois found it much shorter and more direct in coming from New York State on their incursions into the Algonquin country," replied the Chief. "But why, why does not the Governor come?" he continued, consulting his watch for the forty-second time

"It is now three o'clock, and he said he would be here about ten."

"How are our military friends getting on," asked Captain Le Breton, who had a small farm in the neighborhood of the Landing.

"Shure, it was bad luck to thim," interrupted a ruddy, good-natured-looking Irishman. "Before some of thim military gintlemen could get a house built, the weather got so cold that no wonder two of the children died."

The speaker was a young man named Nicholas Sparks, who with two of his friends, named Daniel Byrne and Thomas Bedard, had been engaged by Rug as farm laborers at Quebec, in September, 1816; his friends having deserted at Montreal.

Sparks was still in the employ of the Chief, and though illiterate, possessed great common sense, rare practical cleverness, boundless energy, and was respected by all who knew him.

"I went out to see Captain Monk recently," replied the Chief, "and found that they have secured grants of land ranging from one hundred to one thousand acres, and as no survey had ever been made of the township, they chose their sites and commenced building. The Government recently made a survey, and the Monks discovered that they had built on Lieu-

tenant Read's land, so they are going to build a larger and more comfortable house at Point Pleasant next summer. Captain Weatherby built his house on Captain Street's land, and as Captain Street had a house of his own, they decided to convert it into a church, where they all meet on Sunday mornings, and one of them reads prayers. Mrs. Monk, who spent several weeks with us while her husband and his soldier servants constructed their first house in the woods, which they called 'Mosquito Cove,' made light of the inconveniences and experiences of pioneer life, and laughingly pointed to a large tin tray which, she said, had served as a shelter for the baby in its cradle. 'It gave me a great sense of satisfaction last fall,' she said, 'to hear the tinkle, tinkle of the raindrops, and to feel that baby at least was cosy and dry, for our roof is not altogether rainproof.' She referred also to the flutter of excitement among the neighbors caused by the loss of the only darning-needle in the settlement. The whole feminine population turned out to search for it. It was much in demand, and went a continual round of visits from house to house. Fortunately it was found, and they all adjourned to the house of Mrs. Pinhey to express their rejoicings over a cup of tea.

"They are making extensive plans for the

future. Streets are being surveyed, and building lots laid out. They will have a park of six acres, and are reserving large grants for ecclesiastical purposes."*

Soon the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a man in military trousers and homespun shirt galloped down to where they had gathered, with the startling announcement:

"*The Duke is dead!* He was playing with a tame fox which, unknown to us all, had gone mad," the courier continued. "It bit him. He was in a fearfully nervous condition all night, but decided to come on. He got into a boat to come down to Chapman's, where your waggon was waiting for him, sir," he said, turning to the Chief, "but when we were about five miles from Richmond he leaped out of it and rushed wildly through the woods, and they found him in Chapman's barn in a fit. Dr. Collis bled him, but he died before anything more could be done. We laid the body in the waggon and covered it with a sheet, and the officers and soldiers formed themselves into a guard, and will soon be here."

* Previous to the construction of the locks, it seemed as though Richmond was destined to become an important city at an early date, but the public works offered so many inducements for men to come to Bytown that it dwindled down to a mere village.

The awe and consternation on every face was indescribable, and when at last the solemn cortege came in sight they all, with bared heads, gathered round the waggon to look upon the lifeless form, clad in the uniform of a British general.

The Duke's two attendants, who had followed him all the way, were too overcome with grief to be able to give an intelligent account of the tragedy.

"The steamer is in," said the Chief. "One of you had better cross over at once and tell Captain Stewart to lose no time in getting up steam. And you, Rug," he said, "had better relieve the suspense at home. Tell them that I shall see the body safely to Montreal. Any of you," he continued, addressing the crowd, "who wish to pay your last respects to the Commander-in-Chief should come with us."

In less than two hours the body was conveyed to the little steamer on a rude stretcher, and they were soon *en route* for Montreal.

In the meantime Rug had reached home and found them all in tears. Chrissy was wringing her hands in anguish of spirit.

"O Rug! Rug!" she said, "have you heard the sad news?"

"Yes," he replied; "but how could you have heard it so soon?"

"Mike brought it from the farm," she said.

"And how could Mike have known about it?" he asked.

Chrissy could not answer. She had lost all control of her feelings.

"I don't see why you should make such a fuss about it," he said; "he was no relation of yours—you never even saw him."

A strange, questioning look came into the sister's face as she struggled to suppress her emotions.

"Why do you speak in such a strange way—have you been drinking, Rug?" she said.

"Drinking!" he exclaimed, disdainfully, "did you ever see me drunk? This is no time for drinking. Where's mother?"

"She went to comfort poor Sarah as soon as she heard of the accident," replied Chrissy.

"And why should Sarah feel so badly about it, pray? Women are the strangest mortals I ever met. Hannah is the only sensible one among them."

He threw himself on a couch and began to survey the decorations in the room, which were as pretty as womanly taste could make them.

"Come now, Chrissy, dry your tears and get me something to eat like a dear girl—do—for I am awfully hungry."

"Could you not wait a little longer? The

Duke may be here at any time, and you will have no appetite left for the good dinner that I fear will be spoiled if he does not come soon."

"What are you talking about, Chrissy?" said Rug. "Did you not hear that the Duke is dead?"

"No," she replied. "And did you not hear that Phil was killed yesterday?" her voice almost incoherent with sobs.

"What!" he cried, "Phil—dead? Is it possible? Is it possible? How did it happen?"

"Mike said that he decided to return from Montreal by stage, and that the horses baulked on a dangerous hill near the Rouge. The stage was overturned and he was thrown out violently and his neck was broken. His wife knew nothing of it until they carried his body in."

Rug tried to catch the steamer that he might break the news to his father, but was too late; he had left with the remains of the Duke, and heard nothing of the accident until his return

COLONEL BY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXCITING MOOSE-HUNT.

1826.

AN interesting group of gentlemen was seated round a table covered with maps and papers in the dining-room of the Chief's house, arranging plans for the building of the Rideau Canal. They had been discussing for over an hour the relative merits of three different points at which the canal should diverge from the Ottawa River.

"Anyone with half an eye could see that there is but one spot where the locks of the new canal should be constructed, and that is at Rafting Bay, between Nepean Point and the Western Bluff," said a soldierly-looking man, about five feet ten in height, with dark hair, florid complexion, and portly form, who wore the uniform of an officer. It was Colonel By, a Royal Engineer sent out by the British Government to overlook the work of strengthening the military defences of Canada. "The men who made the survey," he continued, "did not count the cost of such works if constructed at the mouth of the Rideau. Think of the height of it! We want a connecting point with the

Ottawa River which will be less steep and abrupt."

"In my opinion," said the Chief, "you should follow the natural undulation between the Rideau and the Ottawa River above the Chaudiere Falls, and surmount the cataract by locks, which could easily be constructed on the south side of the river, as the north side is not available owing to the existence of our lumber slides. This would throw the upper Ottawa open for navigation."

"I assure your Excellency," said the Colonel, ignoring the suggestion and addressing a dignified and thoughtful-looking man of courtly manners, "there is but one place for the junction of the canal with the Ottawa River, and that is the place I have designated. The cost of constructing the connecting link for a mile southward to the Rideau will be as nothing compared with the cost of building the locks at the Rideau Falls."

"I am quite convinced that your conclusion is a sound one," said Lord Dalhousie, "but I would like to have Colonel Durnford's opinion in the matter."

"Since inspecting the proposed route this morning, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "I quite agree with Colonel By, that the attempt to construct locks at the mouth of the Rideau would

be highly undesirable; but that is not the only fault that I find with the plans. The specifications provide for a canal which would be so narrow as to be entirely unsuited for military service as well as for the commercial requirements of the country. It would seem desirable, therefore, that your Excellency should urge upon the War Department the necessity of making the canal sufficiently wide to take vessels from one hundred and ten to one hundred and thirty feet long and forty to fifty feet wide and drawing eight feet of water."

"I agree with you," said Lord Dalhousie, "We are building for the future of the country. Let us build well. What is the expenditure of an additional amount of twenty or thirty thousand pounds to the British Government when we consider the issues at stake?"*

* In the eyes of the parliamentarians of London, who knew nothing of the country or the work, the sum seemed enormous. A Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, before whom Colonel By was summoned. The members treated him with scant courtesy, and no acknowledgment of his valuable services to the Empire was made. Colonel Durnford, R.E., an officer of unusually high character and great experience, was treated in a manner ill-befitting his rank and services. The only charge against him was that he had expended twenty-two thousand pounds in excess of the parliamentary grant, a most trivial offence, as he had been instructed "to proceed with all despatch consistent with economy." Colonel By was deeply hurt by such criticisms, and died a few years later from a disease directly attributable to the unjust treatment he had received.—*Edwards.*

Among other matters of importance discussed at the meeting was the desirability of uniting the two sides of the river—the two provinces—by a bridge. It was finally decided to call for tenders the following day, when the formal ceremony of turning the first sod in the building of the canal would be performed by Lord Dalhousie.

The visitors had accepted the invitation of the Chief to go on a moose-hunting expedition up the Gatineau. It was early morning in the first week of October when a party of eight left for Bearie's farm on the banks of the Gatineau. As they drove through the orchard which sloped gently eastward to the creek below, the trees presented an unusually gay appearance bending under their weight of mellow apples, some of crimson and some of a rich golden hue.

Following the Columbia road through groves of brilliant maple and sombre pine, they arrived in due time on the banks of the river opposite an island, where men, canoes, and provisions were waiting for them. Their destination was the vicinity of a large cave at Wakefield, sometimes called the "mammoth cave," where they had arranged to camp for several days.

The party consisted of Lord Dalhousie, Colonel By, Colonel Durnford, the Chief, Bearie, Christie, a Frenchman named Joe Leclaire, an

Irish cook named Michael O'Flanagan, and Ephraim Meyers, a Yankee, who had the reputation of being the best shot in the settlement.

The Governor was the life of the party, and related many amusing incidents connected with his varied experiences in the wilds of Canada, which kept the men in good-humor, notwithstanding the numerous and difficult portages.

On reaching the camp-ground all hands were soon at work pitching tents, building a fire and attending to other necessary preparations; after which they sat round the fire while Michael prepared the evening meal.

"Well, Mike," said Colonel By, "what do you think of this country? How does it compare with ould Oireland?"

"Och, sur," said Michael, respectfully touching his hat, "I niver seed the loike. Them skeeters bates all that iver I seen—the knaves!"—rubbing his hands and arms vigorously—"shure they drive me narely mad. I niver shall forgit the furst time they swarumed around me like a a swarum of bays, an' I tuk me blankits and ran down to the river an' roulled mesilf up and went to shlape on the rocks. Well, sur, d'ye think they'd lave a poor crathure alone? Not thim, the brutes! Shure as you're alive, sur, they came out with their lanterns an' ye'd see a flash here and a flash there; an' kill 'em? ye moight as well try

to kill the divil himsilf, for soon as I could get nare them, out would go their light, an' they'd all cum buzzin' round tazin' and tormintin' me.

"Sez I to mesilf, 'Begorra, whin I get yez I'll finish yez; so I will, begorra, I will.' Well, sur, I'm tellin' yez the truth whin I say that they began pipin' out: 'Begorra! begorra! begorra!' and their mates cried out, 'Ye will? Ye will? Ye will?' till I cud shtand it no longer, so I put for the shanty as quick as me two legs could carry me."

By this time all the men round the camp-fire were in fits of laughter, in which the Irishman joined heartily. His superstitious dread of 'skeeters,' was modified when they explained to him that fire-flies, frogs and tree-crickets had contributed each a share to the tragic drama.

"Could you not give us a few suggestions which will assist us in becoming successful moose-hunters?" said Lord Dalhousie, addressing Meyers, who stood bare-headed, sheltering with his hat a faint flickering flame on a piece of "punk," which had been kindled by a tiny spark from his flint and steel, while he tried to light his pipe.

"Wal," he said, "I reckon there's only two ways to shoot a moose: one is to coax him within range by imitating the call of his mate; the other way is to make a salt lick for him. At

this time of the year the buck begins to harden his horns, and he lies on the sides of the hills in the sun and rubs his horns against the bushes to get off the bark or velvety skin. If you want to get a crack at him you'll have to be mighty sly and keep to leeward of him, for if the wind blows from you to him he will scent you. Always hunt against the wind, and when you sight one aim at the knee of the fore-leg. Then raise the muzzle slowly until you sight the body following up the leg. Don't hold your breath or it will make you tremble. Breathe freely until you are ready to pull the trigger."

Meyers paused for a moment to take a few whiffs from his pipe.

"What do you mean by a salt lick?" asked Colonel By, who sat with his back securely gummed to the trunk of a spruce tree, with both hands thrust into his pocket.

"It's just an easy way of gettin' a shot at a deer," replied Meyers. "You choose a place where he'll be likely to pass, and put some salt in the hollow of an old log, or in a hole near the foot of a tree. Then you climb the tree and sit there and wait, and when the deer comes to lick the salt you may safely unhitch the contents of your rifle, for they rarely observe anything higher than their heads."

"There is one important fact which applies

not only to moose-hunting but also to hunting in general, and which should not be forgotten," said Bearie, who lay full length on his blanket with his chin resting on his hands. "Never go to see what you have shot without first reloading your gun. The animal may not be badly wounded, and may run away or may attack you."

"If you happen to get sight of a buck, a doe and a fawn together, for they generally keep together at this time of the year," said Meyers, "aim at the doe first, for the buck and the fawn will both stay round; then aim at the buck, and you will probably secure all three."

Several days passed. The party had not sighted anything in the way of large game, though they had discovered numerous evidences that the neighborhood was frequented by moose.

One evening they had all returned to the camp save Colonel Durnford and Christie. Overcome by their exertions, the remainder of the party, with the exception of the Chief, had retired early and slept heavily. A low moaning wind had arisen and was sobbing round the camp.

"What was that?" said the Chief, rousing Bearie, who was on his feet in a moment. "It sounded like a shriek, followed by a strange laugh, like the laugh of a maniac. Colonel

Durnford and Christie have not returned yet, and I fear something has happened."

They listened intently. Nothing could be heard but the wind whistling through the half-naked branches of the trees and rustling the dead leaves that covered the ground. The moon fell in slanting rays across the Laurentian hills. Dark clouds were hurrying up from the horizon, and soon the whole scene was plunged in darkness.

"Hush! there it is again," said the Chief, in a state of breathless expectancy. "It seems to be coming nearer. Could either of them have met with an accident, I wonder?"

Rousing the others, they seized their guns and followed the narrow path along the bank of the river in the direction whence the sound seemed to come. All was darkness—utter darkness. Suddenly there was a wild scream from the forest on the opposite bank. Its echoes had hardly ceased when it was answered by a similar cry from the trees above, followed by the same strange laugh. It proved to be the voice of the white-headed eagle calling to his mate.

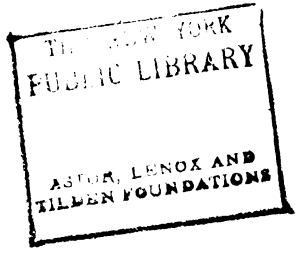
What had become of Christie and the Colonel was the question which perplexed the mind of every man in the party. They called and called again, but there was no answer. They penetrated

into the woods with lighted torches, but could find no trace of them. They discharged an old Queen Anne gun, which had the reputation of making the loudest report of any of the fire-arms in their possession, but there was no response.

At the first glimmer of daylight they organized a search-party, but not until late in the afternoon was suspense relieved by the return of the missing pair to the camp.

"We must have walked five miles," said the Colonel, "following the course of a small stream. On ascending a low hill we looked cautiously over its crest. Before us was a scene I shall never forget. Several huge animals were standing within range under a clump of willows, nibbling at their twigs. The tall, broad, palm-like antlers that rose from the head of one of them, the immense size and ungainly forms, the long legs and ass-like ears, the immense heads with overhanging lips, the short necks with their standing manes, left no doubt in my mind that they were moose, for I had never before seen one. They were all of a dark brown color, almost blackish in the distance, the large one being darker than the others.

"Christie handed me the gun, motioning me to move quietly. I must have lost my head, for all the first principles of moose-hunting slipped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"I remained behind the tree, dodging round."—*p. 189.*

out of my mind, as I aimed at the high shoulders of the old bull, hoping to secure his antlers as a trophy. When I fired the doe and the fawn scrambled down hill towards the beaver-meadow below. I could see that the bull was not with them, and concluded that he was dead. Rushing forward without reloading my gun, to my great astonishment I found him on his knees, wounded. As soon as he saw me he rose to his full height, his eyes flashing fire, and lowering his horns in a forward position, he sprang at me. Dropping my gun I stepped behind a huge beech tree, the moose following close upon my heels. I had just time to get behind it when he rushed past, tearing the bark with his antlers. He turned and made another charge, only to find that I was in a safe position on the opposite side of the tree. Rushing up to the tree he struck it furiously with his horns, then with his hoofs, uttering loud snorts that were enough to intimidate even a military man. The disappointment which the enraged animal felt at seeing my escape added to his rage, and he vented his spite upon the tree until the trunk, to the height of six feet, was completely stripped of its bark. While this was going on I remained behind the tree, dodging round, always taking care to keep the infuriated brute on the opposite side. For over an hour this lasted. I was beginning to

feel faint with fatigue. I could see that the bullet had hit the left shoulder, and, after tearing the skin, had glanced off."

"Where was Christie all the time?" interrupted the Chief. "Why did he not secure the gun?"

"On seeing the encounter I climbed a tree," said Christie. "It was the only thing I could do. I could not get hold of the gun, for it was under the feet of the moose. I could not have reached the ammunition, because the Colonel had it."

"I must admit," said Colonel Durnford, "that I began to feel serious alarm. Any attempt on Christie's part to have approached me would have imperilled his life and mine, too. I began to realize the necessity for action, and so did Christie, and he called to me to escape to the nearest tree with branches sufficiently low to be easily climbed. Suddenly I caught sight of a spruce a few yards off, and waiting for the moose to work round to a favorable position, I sprang towards it and sheltered myself behind it. I laid hold quickly of an overhanging branch and swung myself up to a safe place on a strong limb of the tree. The moose arrived a second later, snorting furiously, and began to attack the tree, as he had the other, with hoofs and horns. He kept it up till darkness came

on, then quietly took up a position at the foot of the tree, from which he hardly stirred all night long."

"What a night!" exclaimed Christie. "Will you ever forget it, Colonel? How the wolves howled! A whole pack of them scented us. Once or twice the moon shone out, revealing their gaunt, shadowy forms and flashing eyes. It was enough to make one's hair stand on end. So bitter and penetrating was the night wind that it had a paralyzing effect upon us both. Before morning came we had decided upon a plan. We knew the wolves would give us no trouble, for they always disappear with daylight, so we arranged to have the Colonel engage the attention of the moose while I should attempt to secure the gun, which still lay at the foot of the beech tree; and that I should manœuvre with the moose while the Colonel approached as near as possible and flung to me the ammunition. The scheme worked admirably. I was able, after several unsuccessful attempts, for the powder was not quite dry, to send a bullet through his heart."

After a hearty meal Christie undertook to guide Meyers and Joe to the spot where the body of the moose lay, for they were detailed to guard it from the wolves and to bring it down the creek in a canoe the next morning.

Fortune seemed to turn in favor of the hunters, for a young fawn fell a victim to a well-directed bullet from Lord Dalhousie's gun next morning, and another was secured by the Chief.

Moose-hunting was not the only form of entertainment provided for the party. The old country visitors took a keen delight in drawing from the men stories of their adventures in the new world, which were mainly true, and were given in their own dialect.

One evening, as the shadows of darkness were creeping on and all were gathered round the camp-fire, the Chief said :

"Come, now, Joe, we want you to tell the gentlemen a story."

Seated on a log, dangling his legs, was the diminutive Frenchman, with coarse gray home-spun shirt and knitted tuque drawn down to his ears, which stuck out almost at right angles from the head. He glanced at the Governor, and then at the red-coated officers, with evident dread and apprehension.

"Now, Leclaire," said the Chief, "don't be afraid. Tell your bear story."

Slowly removing his tuque, "Little Joe," as he was familiarly called, began to scratch his head thoughtfully as if to rake up reminiscences. Suddenly his sickly, pock-pitted face lighted up and his black eyes indicated that he had

succeeded in scratching up something to tell about.

"Wan tam," he said, "when we work on de Got-no, I cut de whood, me, pour mak le souper, an' when I go back le shaintee—sacré bleu!—wan beeg bear she am got her head in de soup-pot. I trow down de whood an' run, me, for shure, lak wan wile moose. De bear she am skeart, an' she run, too. Le pot she steek on, too, lac wan blak hat. Dunno, me, how she fine le reever, but she run, and she sweem wit dat black pot till she reach the odder shore. Me an' de boss we tak le canot an' de gun pour chasser le bear an' we fine de pot, but we no see de bear."

"Bravo! old man; that's not bad," said Lord Dalhousie.

"Your turn now, Ephraim," said the Chief, addressing Meyers, who, ignoring the remark, went on smoking. There was an embarrassing silence as all eyes rested on the withered-looking face of the Yankee, who was evidently not ready with his contribution to the entertainment of the evening.

"Tell us about the squaw you found in the woods," suggested Christie.

"Wal," he said, "onct upon a time when we were runnin' the fifth concession line with Theodore Davis, we found an ole squaw who had been

deserted by her children and left to find her way to Davy Jones's locker as best she could. Her poor ole body was bent almost double. She seemed very weak. Her only clothing was rabbit-skins sewed together with sinews, with the hair side next her skin. She mumbled a lot of things which we could not understand. D'ye mind Brown, the feller with the squaw wife?" he said, addressing the chief. "Wal, he told us that she lived on hares which she snared with sinews, an' that she lived alone an kep' herself from freezin' in winter by settin' fire to the end of a fallen log, and as the ashes cooled enough she would scoop out a nest to lie in. As the log burned she would follow the warm ashes an' move her nest closer to the fire, an' when one log was burned she would kindle another. She managed in this way to keep body and soul together for years alone in the forest."

"Is that true?" asked Colonel By, "or is it one of your Yankee yarns?"

"I reckon ye can fine out for yourself," retorted Meyers.

"It is quite true," said Bearie. "I have never seen her, but I know several who have."

"Now, Michael, you told us a good story the other night. Could you not tell us another before we roll ourselves up in our blankets?" said the Governor.

"Faith, an it's tirrible sorry I am that I'm not used to public shpaking, fur I cud tell yer Honor about Shparks an' the bear."

"The best way to become a public speaker, Mike," said Lord Dalhousie, "is to have something to say, and just say it, so tell us your story."

"Me and Shparks wuz in the blacksmith shop when Joe Wyman, the young shpalpeen, sez he, 'There's a bear in the river beyant.'

"'Come on, byes,' sez Mr. Rug, 'we'll foller him up,' sez he. He took down the gun that hung on the wall forninst him, an I tuk a handshpike forninst me, an Shparks he went out forninst the blacksmith shop an filled the inside of his shirt wid shtones, regardliss of shape or forrum; an', yer Honor," he said, touching his hat, "before Shparks an' me cud raitch the shore Mr. Rug was in the canoe. We cud see the great brute swimmin' to the island, an' we put after him as quick as iver we cud, but before we cud raitch him he had consailed himsilf. We spint two hours in searching for the brute, an' Shparks, who is a very obsarvant man, sez he, 'Begorra! there he is, as sure as a gun, makin' shtraight for the cliff.'

"'Come on, byes,' sez Mr. Rug, 'we'll get aven wid the crayture yet.'

"Shparks was feelin' pious-like, for it was

Good Friday, an he didn't feel like fightin' bears nor min. Sez he, 'Let the poor brute go home to her cubs.'

"'Niver a bit of it,' said Mr. Rug, 'we'll not lit her go till she's kilt.' An' with that he put after the bear as fast as he cud. When we were not twinty yards from the baste, Mr. Rug, he aimed at the bear, but Shparks moved, an' the bullet went whizzin' into the water. Then Shparks he began a-peltin' him wid shtones, so he did, which made the poor baste so mad that he wheeled round an' was makin' shtraight for the canoe, when I up wid the handshpike to bate him, while Mr. Rug was loadin' his gun. Well, yer Honor, it's tirrible sorry I am to be tellin' yez that I upset the canoe, an' me an' Shparks an' the bear wuz all strugglin' in the ragin', foamin' deep.

"'Holy angels!' sez I, 'save me! save me!' The current was so shtrong that it carried me to the little island forninst the cliff, an' it was mesilf that was glad when I was washed on a rock near the shore. Mr. Rug an' Shparks they clung to the canoe an' drifted down to the shores of the cliff which the bear wuz engaged in ascendin'.

"'What's that,' sez I to mesilf, 'comin' across the river? It's a boat,' sez mesilf to me, 'wid the Chief and Mr. Brigham.' Soon they had reached

the other shore, an' two bullets from their guns brought the poor crayture tumblin' to the bottom."

The weather turned exceedingly cold and wet, and as camping was no longer desirable, the party packed up their things and left. They had not gone many miles on their return trip when the leading canoe scraped a rock. Water poured in so quickly that the crew, consisting of the two officers, with Bearie and Joe, had to swim ashore towing the wreck behind them. Joe was sent to the woods to gather spruce gum and birch bark, while the other three tried to kindle a fire. After much difficulty they succeeded in securing light rotten wood from the inside of a hollow tree, sufficiently dry to retain sparks from a flint, and in a short time three half-frozen men stood steaming before a huge fire. After two hours of fruitless search, the Frenchman returned unable to procure any birch bark, but with a quantity of gum, which he scraped into a small iron kettle, together with a small quantity of fat, and suspended it over the fire.

"Now we are in a dilemma," said Colonel By. "What shall we do without bark? Shall we have to go the rest of the way on foot?"

"Not while there is a homespun shirt around," replied Bearie, who was busily engaged in cut-

ting off part of his shirt-sleeve. The piece was soon smeared with melted gum and fastened securely over the hole, and in a few minutes the frail bark was skipping from wave to wave on the bosom of the mountain torrent till it reached the Gatineau farm.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

1827.

IT must not be inferred that the wheels of incident in connection with the lives of George Morrison and Chrissy had ceased to move during the twenty-one years of separation. Strange things were happening on the lonely shores of the settlement in the wilderness, where the once bright and joyous Chrissy was pining away her life. Still stranger things were happening to her absent lover.

At first, evil tidings from the Great Lone Land seemed like a dream from which there would be a glad awakening. But as days went by, and still the spell of silence brooded over her heart and life, and as days ripened into weeks—weeks into months—months into years—clouds of disappointment overshadowed her life, and Chrissy began to grow old and careworn. Loved ones watched her with wistful eyes. Why such a true, lovely woman had been destined to live on and on in a dire eclipse was a problem beyond the comprehension of all.

It was a hot, sultry morning in August Chrissy and her father were standing on the south shore of the river with Colonel By, who was superintending a large staff of workmen engaged in the construction of the Rideau Canal. On the eastern point was a pretty villa built of boulders, and surrounded with a low, wide veranda, and which, when completed, was designed to be the residence of the gallant Colonel. Surrounding it were the tents of the officers of two companies of Sappers and Miners, whose smart uniforms added to the picturesqueness of the scene. On the adjacent cliff three stone barracks were being built.

"It is a magnificent site—a magnificent site!" said the Colonel, then dreamily added: "It would not surprise me to see a fortress like the Castle St. Louis on that bluff some day."

A busy scene presented itself between the two cliffs, where scores of men with picks, shovels, hand-drills, wheel-barrows, and stone drays, were busily excavating. Stone-masons, with their mallets and chisels, were compelled to stop every few minutes to wipe the perspiration from their brows with their shirt-sleeves. Irish and Scotch they were mostly, their coarse homespun shirts contrasting with the neat undress uniform of the officers who were supervising the building of the barracks and assisting in the works.

Two men, with muskets, from one of the back settlements then accosted the Chief in an excited state of mind, and asked if it were another American invasion that they were preparing for.

"We heard the sound of your cannon," they said, "miles away, and we followed in the direction from whence the sound came, and when we saw the soldiers and the men engaged on the defences we were convinced that we had good grounds for our fears."

The Colonel enjoyed the joke immensely, as did the workmen, who had a hearty laugh at the expense of the backwoodsmen.

Mr. MacKay, the contractor, observing the embarrassment of the poor fellows, said:

"I trust that our men always will be as ready to take up arms in defence of their country if the need arises. They are brave, loyal fellows."

Just then they observed a canoe approaching.

"It looks like one of the big canoes of the Hudson's Bay Company," said the Chief.

The canoe was manned by four Indians, with three white men comfortably seated in the bottom. On landing, a man of about forty, whose head and face looked as though they had not been disturbed by scissors or razor for several months, approached the party. Though poorly clad, his voice and manner and general bearing denoted him a gentleman and an Englishman.

"We saw the storm approaching," he said, "and thought we would take shelter here, and see what is going on. May I ask," he continued, turning to Colonel By, "whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I am Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers," replied the officer.

"And what are you excavating for?" he asked.

"A military canal of about one hundred and twenty miles in length," replied the Colonel, "which will give us a safer route to the West than the St. Lawrence route. You have the advantage of us," he added. "What is your name, sir?"

"My name," he said, "is Franklin—John Franklin—and these are my friends, Richardson and Morrison. Richardson and I have travelled about five thousand miles. We have been exploring the northern coast of the continent. We travelled over land from Davis Strait westward until we came to the Mackenzie River, where we found our friend, here," he said, pointing to a poor cripple who was being lifted from the canoe by the Indians.

Since the mention of the name of Morrison Chrissy had stood transfixed. Could it be that the tall, powerful, manly figure that she remembered so well could have become so distorted

as to be bent almost double? Could it be possible that the cripple before her was George —her long-lost George?

A smile of recognition crossed Morrison's face as he caught sight of Chrissy. She uttered a scream of delight—"O George! George! Is it you? is it you?"

For a time the two were too overcome to be able to utter a word. The expression of peace and joy and hope which Chrissy possessed even as a girl in the old convent days was more noticeable now, not only in her face but in her whole manner.

It was the same sweet, modest face, the same earnest love-lit eyes which had so long reigned in George's heart, kindling within him the resignation and hope which had sustained him through years of suffering, that greeted him as he stood on the beach.

What did it matter to them that the curious gaze of scores of onlookers was centred upon them? Totally oblivious to all but themselves, he grasped her hand, but was too overcome with emotion to be able to utter a word.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said the Colonel, at length, shaking hands with them warmly. "Come, let us seek shelter in my tent, and you must all dine with me to-night."

"Could anything have been more pathetic,"

said Captain Franklin to the Chief, as they ascended the cliffs, "than your daughter's eager welcome of her lover?" Not only he, but others who saw the meeting, shared the unalloyed bliss of the two who were just on the threshold of their new life of love and companionship.

Hardly had they reached the Colonel's tent when the threatening storm-cloud burst with all its fury, carrying away several of the tents and threatening to sweep everything before it. Though terrific while it lasted, the clouds soon dispersed, and the setting sun shone out for an hour or so, illuminating the sky.

Dinner over, the Colonel said: "Let me show you one of the most picturesque scenes in Canada."

They followed their host to the veranda of his new house, and while Captain Franklin was admiring the beauties of nature, the Colonel recounted the difficulties they had to contend with in erecting the bridge over the Ottawa, which at the time was obscured by the rising mist.

"We commenced the work last fall," he said, "but I was obliged to spend most of the winter in Montreal, and after they had constructed the first arch from the opposite shore the whole thing collapsed. In order to obtain communication with the opposite bank at the foot of the

falls we got Captain Asterbrooks to take a cannon to the rocks near where the end of the bridge would naturally be, so as to fire off a rope across the channel, a distance of two hundred and forty feet, to the island.

"For the first trial a half-inch rope was used, but the force of the powder cut it. The experiment was repeated, but with the same result. An inch rope was then tried, and it was thrown on to the island about one hundred feet.

"Having secured the rope at both ends, the workmen were enabled to haul over larger ones. A trestle ten feet high was then erected on each side of the channel, and two ropes stretched across the tops of the trestles and fastened at each end to the rocks. These were allowed to be slack, in order to give greater strength. The next step was to have a foot passage to allow workmen to communicate with each other, and with this object the ropes were placed four feet apart and planked over, and a rope hand-rail made on each side. Chains were then placed across over trestles in a similar manner, and planked on top, until the planking from each shore reached within ten feet of joining in the middle, when the chain broke and precipitated the workmen and their tools into the channel. Three of our best men were drowned. The others swam ashore.

"Though it is extremely difficult and hazardous to build at such a point I was determined to succeed, so I had a large scow built and anchored to a point of rock where the bridge was to be built. We made stronger trestles of heavier timber, and got two eight-inch cables, which we laid across the channel over the trestles, which we secured to the rocks at each end. Then we built a wooden bridge, and with screw-jacks placed on the scow below it was kept up to its proper level. The work is almost completed," he said, "and I am determined that it shall stand, even if I have to build it of silver dollars."

"Can you see the bridge, Colonel?" asked the Chief. "The mist comes and goes. Sometimes it seems as though it were not there."

"Your vision is probably growing defective," replied the Colonel.

It was evident to more than the Chief that the structure had been loosened from its moorings by the gale, and could be seen moving majestically down stream; but, knowing the Colonel's temper, they determined to say nothing more on the subject.

The account of the construction of the first bridges over the Ottawa had little of interest for either George or Chrissy, who sat a little apart from the others, absorbed in conversation.

"On reaching the Fort after our interrupted meeting," said George, "I was ordered off to the North to open a new trading-post. Our crew consisted of one French-Canadian, four Indians, and myself. We left Fort Chippewyan in July, our canoe loaded with pemmican, an assortment of useful and ornamental articles to be given as gifts to the Indians, to ensure us a friendly reception among them, and the ammunition and arms necessary for defence, as well as a supply for our Indians, upon whom we depended for our chief supply of provisions, as it was impossible to carry all that would be required before our return.

"Our course, which led from the Ungigah (Peace) to the Slave River, from thence to the Dog River, and from that to Slave Lake, was uneventful. The weather was extremely cold, and we were much hindered by ice. It was after we left the lake that our trouble really commenced. Our guide, who professed to know the route, mistook a small lake for the river, and led us into the midst of a tribe of the most hostile natives, known as the Red Knife Indians.

"My men spoke to these people in the Chippewyan language, and the information they gave respecting the river for which we were searching had so much of the fabulous that I shall not attempt to recall it. They said it would require

several winters to reach it; that there was a great Manitou in the midst of it which consumed everything that attempted to pass, and that there were other monsters of horrid shapes and such destructive powers that all travel on it was effectually blocked.

"Though I did not believe a word they said, it had a very different effect upon my Indians, who were already tired of the voyage. It was only too evident that they were determined to return. They said that, according to the information they had received, there were very few animals in the country beyond us, and that as we proceeded the scarcity would increase, and that we would perish from hunger. Seeing that this had no effect upon me, they said that some treacherous design was meditated against me. A panic had seized them, and any further prosecution of the voyage, or of means of escape, was considered by them as altogether hopeless and impracticable.

"Without paying the least attention to the opinions or surmises of my Indians, I ordered them to take everything out of the canoe, which had become so leaky that we did not consider it safe to continue our journey in it. To add to the perplexity of the situation we had not an ounce of gum to repair it, and not one of the men had sufficient courage to venture into the

woods to collect it. I dared not leave the crew with the canoe lest they might prove deserters. We were under the necessity of making a smoke to keep off the swarms of mosquitoes, which would otherwise have tormented us to death, but we did not venture to excite a blaze, as it would have been a mark for the arrows of the Red Knives. Though almost prostrated with weariness, I dared not sleep, but spent the night from sunset at 10 p.m. till nearly daylight at 2 a.m. in plotting and planning means to bring about a reconciliation with the natives, which alone would enable me to procure guides, without whose assistance it would be impossible for me to proceed.

"Just before sunrise, while sitting quietly in my tent, from which I could observe the crew, I heard a slow, stealthy movement in the rear of the tent. Turning hastily to investigate, I could see the dim figure of a man, dagger in hand, creeping under the canvas. In a moment I jumped on him, disarmed him, and secured his hands and feet with the fathoming-line, which fortunately was within reach. During the scuffle my whole crew fled to the canoe and escaped, leaving me at the mercy of the natives."

By this time the Chief had become an interested listener, and had beckoned to the others, who joined the little group and were listening

intently to George as he related his adventures with the Red Knives.

"How shall I find words," he said, "to depict the fiendish atrocities perpetrated by that tribe during the months and years which followed. Their greatest cruelty lay in torturing their victim to the verge of insanity, and in stopping short of the final act, which would have proved a most blessed release. Escape was impossible. Suicide, which seemed so desirable, was forbidden by Divine law.

"We had returned to the camp from a hunting excursion one rainy day, and as they always insisted upon having me do the paddling up stream, as well as any other drudgery too difficult for the squaws, I was steaming from having been overheated, and as I was on the verge of exhaustion, fell asleep without sufficient covering, which I was unable to procure; consequently I became a martyr to rheumatism. There I was, helpless, racked with pains which would provoke the mildest of men to an Indian war-dance, and with red-hot joints and swollen limbs.

"After three months of misery among them, I began to suffer many things from many medicine-men, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse. I had nauseous medicines in large doses from one, and small doses from

another, with exactly the same results. I was drenched, and steamed, and packed, and baked, externally, and almost poisoned internally with draughts of water which, to say the least, were unclean; but all to no purpose. They blew upon me, and then whistled. They pressed their extended fingers with all their strength into me. They put their forefingers doubled into my mouth, and spouted water from their own mouths into mine. They applied pieces of lighted touchwood to my flesh in many places. They then placed me on a litter made of saplings, and I was carried by four men into the woods, and as I observed one Indian carrying fire, another an axe, and a third dry wood, I could not but conjecture that they had arrived at the humane conclusion of relieving me of all pain forever. When we had advanced a short distance into the woods, they laid me on a clear spot and kindled a fire against my back. Then the medicine-men began to scarify my flesh with blunt instruments.

"A great hole was then dug in the ground, which I concluded was to be my burial-place. In this excavation a fire was kept up until the ground was heated to its utmost extent, when the embers and ashes were scraped out. Several layers of damp mud were immediately plastered over this fiery furnace. I was then placed within

it, and covered with mud, my head alone protruding. For thirty-six hours I endured the torture of escaping steam, after which they carried me back to my lair in the camp more dead than alive, where I lingered on in agony, praying that every day might be my last. I began to wonder where the limit of human endurance could be found, and was led to view the situation philosophically. Why had Infinite Love placed me in such environment? Was it to appear as a witness for Him who had said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?' Was it to bring the light of the Gospel to the Red Knives?

"Month after month I lay in the wigwam, surrounded by the children of the natives, who in summer were dressed in the uniform which the Creator had given them, with dangling necklaces or armlets to decorate them. I soon acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to be able to converse with them. After years of teaching they at length began to regard me with feelings of superstition and awe, and one day the Chief proposed a change of treatment. With a dignified and imperative gesture of the arm, he bade his attendants carry me in a blanket to a canoe.

"'We are not pleased,' he said, 'with the progress you are making towards recovery, and we

have decided to take you to a spring which possesses strange healing power.'

"I could not understand all the Chief said, but his manner indicated tenderness and sympathy, which led me to believe that the light which was beginning to brighten the darkened lives of many of his people was dawning upon him also.

"The suggestion of a change of place kindled in my heart the hope of meeting someone who could assist me in finding my way back to civilization once more, and the gnawing pangs of rheumatism seemed lulled for a time as we embarked on the peaceful waters of the lake.

"It was a glorious day, not a ripple stirred the water as our canoe glided over the surface. Not a breath of wind moved the heavy mist which rose and floated with silver transparency over the depths below. We floated rather than paddled down the little river that connected the lakes. The snow-capped peaks of the distant mountains glistened with a radiance that was dazzling as they rose upon our view. It was like fairy-land. Not a bend in the little stream but disclosed some glimpse of unexpected loveliness.

"At last we floated out upon the waters of Great Slave Lake, and new scenes opened before us. Far away in the distance the deep blue

waters glowed and sparkled in the blaze of sunlight. Here and there islands of green contrasted with the brightness of the water that lay between them. Far away ahead of our canoe there seemed to nestle on the surface of the lake a small gray cloud. As we approached it I could just make out the shadow of an island, and I understood from the conversation of the Indians that we had at last reached our destination.

"They carried me over the green mossy turf to a place where little jets of mineral water were springing clear and sparkling in the sunlight. Here they commenced to erect a rude hut. Its walls and roof were low, enclosing a roughly levelled floor of earth. We spread our skins and drew our blankets over us, and soon felt quite at home in our new quarters. We had not spent many months on the island before I felt almost free from pain. Though my joints were too stiff to walk much, the pains that for long years had made motion intolerable and life a misery were almost gone.

"One morning as I lay in the hut watching my companions as they sat round the fire cooking their mid-day meal, a canoe suddenly came in sight. I started and rubbed my eyes, thinking it a strange illusion, but there before me were the faces of two white men, the first I had

seen since that ever-memorable night when my crew deserted me. My companions kept their places before the fire and betrayed not the slightest surprise or fear while I poured out to my new-found friends the story of past years. Captain Franklin offered me a passage in his canoe, and as I took leave of the Indians, and explained that the white men would take me home, they said not a word, but went on smoking their short black pipes as though it were nothing to them."

During the course of the evening it was arranged that an important event should take place at no distant date, George and Chrissy to reside at the White House. At the same time Colonel By remarked that it would be an opportune time to lay the corner-stone of the locks. "We could not do better," he said, "than have the ceremony quietly performed by one whose name is a household word on two continents, one who has braved untold peril and hardship in his country's service, not only in the Polar Seas, but at Trafalgar, Copenhagen and New Orleans, one whose name stands for everything that is honorable, self-sacrificing and courageous."

"I agree with you," said Mr. MacKay. "Mr. Redpath, Mr. McTaggart and myself were discussing the matter this morning, and decided to suggest to you, sir, that the corner-stone should

be laid with some ceremony, and the work is sufficiently advanced to have it done to-morrow."

It was finally decided that the ceremony should take place the following day, August 16th, 1827, at 4 p.m.

Upon that corner-stone so "well and truly laid" was built a city which, in thirty-one short years, became the capital of a domain nearly three and a half million square miles larger in extent than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, nearly five hundred thousand square miles larger than the United States, and almost as large as the combined countries of Europe.

With the laying of the foundation of the city of Ottawa will ever be associated the names of Rear Admiral Sir John Franklin, who afterwards laid down his life in the frozen North in the cause of his country; of Lieut.-Colonel John By, who filled so important a place in the public works of Canada in the construction of two canals, the building of two Martello towers on the Plains of Abraham, and whose recommendations to the Duke of Wellington resulted in the building of the present fortifications at Quebec; of Thomas MacKay, the contractor for the locks, who afterwards built Rideau Hall; of John Redpath, who later settled in Montreal, and built up one of the largest commercial enter-

prises in Canada; of John McTaggart, clerk of the works, to whose able pen we are indebted for much of the history of the time, and who returned to Scotland on the completion of the work; and last, but not least, of the White Chief of the Ottawa, the pioneer "Lumber King."

CHAPTER XX.

FOUND OUT.

1833.

A SOLEMN stillness pervaded the once happy home on the hill, a stillness broken only by the sighing of the wind through the poplar trees.

The stately, noble form of the queen of the household, who held sway over so many hearts, lay sleeping beneath the daisies in the cemetery not far distant. She had never been well after the shock occasioned by the sudden death of her eldest son.

One by one the young people went forth to homes of their own. Abbie, having awakened at last to a realization of the truth of her father's prediction regarding Thomas Brigham, had long since married that wealthy lumberman.

In his loneliness and sorrow came a call to the Chief to higher and harder work in his country's service. The County of York, in which Hull was situated, had a sufficiently large population to entitle it to representation in the Legislative Assembly, and, as the representation of the Province had been increased to eighty-

four members, the electors of the county were called upon to choose their representative.

Elections in those days were not so much a question of political opinion with the electors as personal preference and local considerations, so the Chief was elected by acclamation, and took his seat in the House as an independent member, the name of the constituency being changed to that of Ottawa County.

The members, who in those days had not the prospect of a large indemnity to nail them to their seats, frequently deserted the Legislative Hall long before the session was over, notwithstanding which the White Chief was ever in his place, and voted intelligently on the burning questions of the day.

While attending session at Quebec, he sat down to breakfast on one occasion with the son of his old friend, Louis Joseph Papineau, who was Speaker of the House at the time, and who happened to be staying at the same hotel.

"I hear that a town is springing up like a mushroom on the opposite side of the river from Hull," said Mr. Papineau; "and that property on that side of the river has greatly enhanced in value."

"It has," replied the Chief. "The whole Carman grant, from the Rideau to the Chaudiere, comprising about one thousand acres, was sold

to Hugh Fraser a few years ago for ten pounds. Later a man named Burroughs bought two hundred acres which he tried to sell to me for sufficient to pay his passage to England, in order to secure a legacy which had been left him. I would not have accepted it as a gift at that time, for it was all marsh land. He succeeded in getting Nicholas Sparks to take it for £95, and I indorsed his notes for the amount. Not long since Sparks sold eighty acres of it to Colonel By for several thousand pounds sterling. The Colonel drained it, divided it into town lots, and is now asking a fabulous price for it.*

"How is the town laid out?" asked Mr. Papineau.

"There are a few scattered houses on a street which has been called after the Duke of Wellington, about half a dozen at Le Breton Flats, and east of the canal there are two streets called Sussex and Rideau, on which there are quite a number of houses and four shops, kept by Scotchmen. There are also two civilian barracks, facing each other near Sussex Street, for the canal workers.

"I rode over a few days ago and was astonished to see the rapid progress the place is

*The same eighty acres was disposed of by Colonel By a few years later for half a million pounds sterling.

making. Crossing the wooden bridge at the Chaudiere, which Colonel By succeeded in building after many fruitless attempts, I drove through Le Breton's farm to the gully recently bridged by Lieutenant Pooley, then, skirting the cliff on which the Episcopal church is being erected on a lot given by Sparks, and passing the Scotch church, I drove through the woods along a corduroy road which wound round the foot of Barracks Hill, or the Military Reserve, to Sappers' Bridge, and found that the Colonel had so transformed the lower part of the town by drainage as to make it beyond recognition. The swamp and even the creek have disappeared. There is about half a mile of unbroken forest between the upper and lower parts of the town. The houses are built in the midst of huge old boulders and masses of rock, and are hidden from each other by lofty pines and thick underbrush."

"What is its population?" asked Mr. Papineau.

"I should say about two thousand," he replied. "And they are mostly of the lowest class of Irish, who are very awkward. What they are used to doing they do fairly well, but it seems impossible to teach them anything new. If they can dig out for themselves a mud cabin in the side of a hill they would never dream of building one of wood.

"Near the works is a place called Corktown, where the workmen have burrowed in the sand-hills. Smoke is seen to rise out of holes which have been opened in the ground to answer the purpose of chimneys. In these miserable dwellings whole families are huddled together worse than in Ireland.

"McTaggart says," continued the Chief, "that the engineers and contractors cannot get them to keep out of the way of their own blasts, and that he has more than once seen heads, legs and arms blown in all directions; and when given a spade and pick they have to exercise eternal vigilance to keep them from digging their own graves."

Dr. Bigsby then took his seat at the table.

"You look as though you had been carousing, Doctor," said Mr. Papineau.

"I was, in a way," he replied. "I remained up most of the night to see the charivari. I have seen it in France," he said, "but I think the French-Canadian has improved upon the original. In this country it is evidently intended to reach offenders against propriety and the public sense of honor. Ill-assorted marriages seem to be its special objects here. You know Adjutant Randall, do you not?" addressing Mr. Papineau.

"Yes," he replied, "quite well."

"He was married yesterday," continued the doctor, "to the widow of a wealthy brewer. She was of good French family, and resembled the famous widow of Kent in having a large annual income. She is not young, and for aught I know may have thrown off her weeds too soon.

"Last evening, when in my room, I heard the most incomprehensible noises, gradually drawing nearer and nearer. A broad red light soon began to glare upon the houses and fill the street. The throng slowly arrived and slowly passed the door, and as you honorable gentlemen were probably in session I shall try and describe some parts of the show.

"First came a strange figure, masked, with a cocked hat and sword; then came strutting a little humpbacked creature in brown, red and yellow, with beak and tail. Fifteen or sixteen people followed in the garb of Indians, some with cow-horns on their heads. Then came two men in white shirts, bearing a paper coffin of great size, lighted from within and having skulls, cross-bones and initials painted in black on its sides. This was surrounded by men blowing horns, beating pot-lids, poker and tongs, whirling rattles, whistling, and so on.

"To these succeeded a number of Chinese lanterns, some aloft on high poles and mixed

with blazing torches, small flags, black and white, and more rough music. Close after came more torches, clatter and fantastic disguises, the whole surrounded by a large rabble who kept up an irregular fire of yells which could be heard a mile away.

"They perambulated the whole city before proceeding to the ill-fated mansion of the bride, but at last they arrived at her door and drew up before it. The large handsome house was silent and dark—the window shades were closed. There was evidently to be no friendly feast, for in many cases, I believe, the attack is met courteously with lighted halls and a cold collation to the principal actors, when the din and hubbub generally ceases and the thing ends; but it was not so in the charivari of last night.

"The crowd was puzzled, but showed pluck. It brayed and blew and roared and shook torch and lantern, and might have done so all night long, as it appeared to me, standing at a cowardly distance, when suddenly the large front door opened and out rushed the manly figure of the Adjutant with ten or twelve assistants in plain clothes (brother officers, I fear) armed with cudgels.

"To work they went upon the defenceless crowd, and especially among the masquers, where the torches gave useful light. The whole

attack and flight was an affair of five minutes. The fun-loving crowd, actors and spectators, fled, and gone in an incredibly short space of time were torches, lanterns, coffin, kettles and buffalo-horns.

"The unhappy little hunchback was seized by the bridegroom, who began to pound him, but he most piteously confessed that he was Mr. ——, editor of the ——, a local paper. He was dismissed with a shake, and told that in future cripples in charivaris would be treated as able-bodied men.

"The affair so unnerved the bride that she escaped through the back door and took rooms here."

Just then an officer entered, and the doctor said:

"Good morning, Adjutant! How is Mrs. Randall?"

Suddenly he caught sight of the Chief, who sat back in his chair gazing at him in mute astonishment, for it was none other than Harold Wrenford.

"She is much better, thank you," he said, "but I forgot her medicine," and he hastened from the room.

"How long have you known the Adjutant?" asked the Chief.

"Only recently," replied the doctor.

"I have known him for years," replied Mr. Papineau. "I knew him when he was a young lieutenant in the Citadel. He sold his commission, went abroad, and returned a few years ago with his pockets full of money, purchased an adjutancy, and he has been regarded by the weaker sex as one of the greatest catches in Quebec."

In less than half an hour Adjutant and Mrs. Randall were seen driving down towards the docks, where they took passage in a vessel bound for Liverpool.

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CHAPTER XXI.

A DINNER AT RIDEAU HALL IN THE THIRTIES.

1837.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE MORRISON and the aged Chief were among the guests at a small dinner party given by the "Laird of Bytown," the Hon. Thomas MacKay, at his new residence, Rideau Hall, in honor of John McTaggart, C.E., who had returned to the New World to visit old friends.

The Hall, which had been erected on his estate of thirteen hundred acres, midway between the banks of the Rideau and the Ottawa, was a large cut-stone building with semi-tower front. The building itself, the well-kept grounds, the imposing avenues with their porters' lodges, the conservatories, excelled anything in Canada at that time.

It was spring. In the tall trees of the avenues, which seemed to shut out the sky, the birds were awaking to life and love. A little brook gurgled over mossy stones in the quiet glen by the wayside, on the banks of which, soft

with moss and pine needles, the trilliums grew so thickly that they appeared like a bank of snow which had escaped the rays of the April sun.

There was great diversity of color and form in the trees. The pines stood erect, flinging their rough limbs above the young leaves of the deciduous trees below. The white birch and trembling poplar adorned the glen with pale gray or light green leaves, whose delicacy of tint contrasted finely with the dark masses of the fir trees and the lively green of maple and wild cherry.

Such was the home over which presided the noble Laird and his gracious wife, and which, even in those early days, was a centre of hospitality.

Among the guests were Chief McNab, who had left the Highlands of Scotland with a numerous clan, and taken up his abode with them in a township which had been granted to him on the banks of Lake de Chats, about thirty miles from Bytown.

The guests scanned him with a peculiarly keen interest as he entered the room preceded by his piper playing, "The Hacks o' Cromdale." He was dressed in full Highland costume, with kilts and scarf of red and green tartan, and wore a queue neatly tied with a knot of ribbon.

Captain Andrew Wilson, of Ossian Hall, on the banks of the Rideau, was another guest. He had retired from the Navy and posed as lawyer, judge, farmer, and author, his title to the latter consisting in three volumes on naval history. He held weekly courts at Bytown, and was regarded by the people of the town as a man of great importance. To see the Captain on the bench with his anchor-buttoned coat and his old-fashioned spectacles, attending gravely to the examination of witnesses, was ludicrous. Of this he was perfectly sensible, but it was an amusement to him. He was one of those men who would have liked to have the whole world following after him.

Rev. Mr. Cruikshanks, pastor of St. Andrews church, the first church in Bytown, and Rev. S. H. Stone, rector of Christ church, completed the list of invited guests.

McTaggart, or "Mac," as he was familiarly called, the guest of the evening and the hero of the hour, related many amusing incidents which had come under his notice while Clerk of the Public Works.

"On one occasion," he said, "while returning by steamer from Lachine, an oddly-dressed person sailed along with us. He had a short-tailed blue coat with metal buttons that once had been clear, but the salt spray of the Atlantic Ocean

had dimmed their lustre, a woollen-striped, double-breasted waistcoat, while a pair of velveteen pantaloons graced his *hurdies*. He was a forward kind of little man from the south of Scotland, who had paid little attention to the cut of his whiskers, and the hair of his head seemed to furnish a good cover for game of a peculiar kind.

"The tone of my voice, or some other Scotch keepsake, drew him near me, when the following confab took place:

"'I hae surely seen your face some gate afore, mon, but whar it's mair than I can cleverly tell.'

'At the fair o' Minnyvive, man?' quoth I. 'Are not ye'—there I hung fire. He helped me out by adding:

"'The Laird o' Birrboy.'

"'Exactly,' I replied, and he believed or seemed to believe me, although I had never seen his face in my life before.

"As the steamboat neared the Lake of Two Mountains, on the Ottawa, giving the passengers a peep at the wilderness, 'What a lang planting!' he exclaimed. 'I wonner wha's Laird o't?'

"I replied in a kind of knowing manner that he would see the Laird presently, and shortly we came upon an Indian encampment by the bank of the river. The Indians were busy

among their canoes, skinning some deer and muskrats they had caught.

"'Yonder, Birrboy, yonder's the Laird!' quoth I, pointing to an Indian Chief with the feathers of wild birds stuck round in his hat, and long silver earrings hanging down on his shoulders.

"'Bless me!' said Birrboy, with open mouth, 'and yon's the Laird?'

"'It's all that's for him,' I continued, 'and yonder's the gardener coming after him.' This was another Indian with a branch of a tree on his shoulder for the fire.

"'Bless me! He's a queer Laird that, and is that ane of his seats?'

"I explained that it was, and that he had many such like up and down the 'lang planting.'

"'What wad the bodies about Minnyvive think if they saw sic lairds and gairdeners coming up the fair as thae, mon?' he exclaimed. 'I'll be hanged gin they wadna creep in aneath the beds wi' fear, like Nell Coskerie in a thunner-storm.'

"Landing on the shore at a place called Chute of 'Blendo,' we came upon pieces of junk pine split up in thin pieces.

"'An' what ca' ye thae now?' inquired the Scotchman.

"'Shingles,' I replied. 'The people of this country cover their houses with them.'

"'Hech, mon, and are thae the Canada sclate?' he returned. 'Ye hae queer names for things here. There's a shoe like a swine trough ye ca' the *saboo*, then there's a shoe ye ca' the morgason, a kin o' thing like a big splenchan the bodies row their feet in. Deil hang me, if ever I heard o' sic names. I'll never bring my mooth into the wye o' pronooncing them.'

"Proceeding up the river we came near to the public works.

"'And is yon a timmer clauchan we see?' pointing to Bytown, quoth the Laird.

"'Ay, yonder are the shanties,' I informed him, 'of a village the people are busy building.'

"'Ay, there again, noo,' he replied, 'What a queer name ye hae for timmer houses.'

"I explained that the first rough house that a settler built was called a *shanty*; the next, which was more genteel, was called a *log-house;* and the third and last was a *clapboard house.*

"He expressed some astonishment at this, and wondered 'if I could recommend him to a clout of land ony gate aboot that he could big a bit shanty on an' tak' a blaw o' the pipe in wi' comfort.'

"I informed him that land was by no means scarce, and that he might get a farm for an auld sang. 'Ay, mon,' I said, 'a farm larger than Birrboy for an auld sang.'

"This seemed to please him much, but he said: 'I hae nae siller, ye see, an' what's the use of a farm without it? I maun e'en see to get into the public works gaen on here and see to lay by a triffle. I wush ye wad be sae kind as to tell me how to act that I might find some employment'

"'Go to the gentleman over the way,' said I, pointing to our military commander, who was out bustling about the works.

"'That man with the red coat and the cocked hat?' he inquired.

"'The same,' I said, 'and say to him that there was a man sent you to His Honor who thought you might be worth four shillings and sixpence a day as a squad-master of laborers.'

"He thanked me and went off and told his story. The Colonel quickly guessed who had sent him, so the Laird of Birrboy was regularly installed in his situation and seemed to understand his duty.

"About a month afterwards Birrboy came to me with a long face and said I had been gude, very gude to him, but thae was still a wee kindness I could do him in a quiet way.

"'What is it?' I inquired.

"'Why the wife, silly body, is down in Montreal, and as I hae a bit shanty bigged here, I wad like tae gang doon an' bring her up, if ye had nae objection.'

"To this I replied that I would have none, but that he must apply to the same gentleman as formerly and see what he had to say in the matter.'

"'Ay, but there's that in it, I doubt he'll score me oot o' the books when I'm awa'.'

"He went to the Colonel and asked the favor to bring his wife, which of course was granted. Off went the Laird as proud as a dog with two tails, but when he came to the bank of the river to the steamboat landing, the said *bateau de feu*, as the French call her, had gone to the other side of the Ottawa to take in part of her cargo. There was no boat about but the Government boat, in which were Colonel By with some ladies and military officers about to take a pleasure sail up to the Falls. This boat had pushed off, but Birrboy waved his hat and cried:

"'Hoot, mon, come hither!'

"The rowers rested on their oars and he was asked what he wanted.

"'I want a bit cast, mon, to the ither side o' the water to the steamboat.'

"Someone replied out of the boat that it was impossible, as they were going on a pleasure sail and could not be troubled with him.

"'Hoot, mon!' continued the persevering Scotchman, 'it will tak ye nought out o' yer

wye to throw a puir body oot on the pint as ye gae by.'

"'Confound you,' replied the Colonel as they pushed in the boat, 'if you are not a Scotchman in truth I am in ignorance.'

"How joyfully did he take his seat among the officers and ladies, smiling to himself with all the humor of Dunscore depicted in his countenance. I looked and laughed after my worthy countryman, and have not been so fortunate as to have seen him since."

"Tell us how you celebrated your first Christmas in Canada," said Mr. MacKay.

"I well remember how I forgot to celebrate my first Christmas in this country," replied Mac. "We were taking a flying level* between Rafting Bay and the Rideau—a distance of about four miles. Taking a level of this extent at home would not have occupied more than a day, but in a dark, dense wood the subject was quite altered, and the surveyor has to change his home system altogether; for instance, if we get upon a hill in Britain we may see the natural lead of the land, but here in the wilderness you have to grope for this like a blind man.

"We cut holes through the thickets of these

*A rough guess to a foot of the rise or fall of the country above any fixed spot.

dismal swamps, and sent a man half a mile before us to blow a horn, keeping to one place until those in the rear come up, so that by the compass and the sound, there being no sun, we were able to grope out our course.

"The weather was extremely cold, and the screws of the theodolite would scarcely move. When night came on we sent two of the axemen to rig a shanty by the side of a swamp. We generally camped near a swamp, for water could be had to drink and to cook with, and the hemlock boughs grew more bushy in such places, and were easily obtained to cover the shanty; and, besides, we generally found dry cedar there, which makes excellent firewood. When we arrived at the camp we found a very comfortable house set up by our friends, with a blazing fire in front of it. We lay down on the bushy hemlock, holding pork before the fire on wooden prongs, each man roasting for himself, while plenty of tea was thrown into a kettle of boiling water. The tin mug, our only tea cup, went round till all had drunk, then it was filled again, and so on, while each with his bush knife cut toasted pork on slices of bread.

"Then we went to sleep, and, after having lain an hour or so on one side, someone would cry—'Spoon!' the order to turn to the other, which was often a disagreeable one if a spike of tree

root or such substance stuck up beneath ribs. Reclining thus like a parcel of spoons, our feet to the fire, we have found the hair of our heads often frozen to the place where we lay. For several days together did we lie in these wild places. In Dow's great swamp, one of the most dismal places in the wilderness, did five Irishmen, two Englishmen, two Americans, one Frenchman, and one Scotchman, hold their merry Christmas in 1826, or rather forgot to hold it at all."

"Do you remember your experiences in prospecting for iron ore in the mountains?" asked the Chief, who was one of Mac's warmest friends and admirers.

"I had been in Canada only a few months." he said, "when I happened to hear from various sources that mountains of iron ore existed in the range north of Hull, and the Chief, MacKay, Colonel By, and I secured a guide, and took our way on horseback through the forest to inspect the said ore bed that had hindered the magnetic needle of many a surveyor's compass from traversing properly. We mounted at the Columbian hotel and away we went, our guide having provisions, axes, hammers, etc., in a bag on the saddle with him. Having cantered away several miles through cleared land, we began to enter the wilderness, and, as I am no great

horseman, I soon found my eyes and nose beginning to be scratched off from the brushwood lashing and rubbing against them, and soon, alas! I found myself comfortably landed on my back on the trunk of an old tree that had fallen many years ago.

"On looking round I saw my quiet pony thinking for a wonder what had become of me, one of his forefeet having trod out the crown of a good new thirty shilling hat I had bought in London.

"My companions gathered round, but could not prevail on me to mount again; the guide led the horse, and I trudged along on foot. Getting rather weary, however, and seeing the comparatively easy manner in which my friends got along, in spite of the thick brushwood and old trees that lay stretched over one another at all angles, I mounted again, but soon found it almost impossible to follow my companions without getting myself bruised in all quarters, and possibly some of my bones broken.

"They had got about one hundred yards before me, and halloed to me to follow. I exerted myself to the utmost, but one of my legs getting into the cleft of a small tree, I was thrown off the horse's back and left among the briars again. Bawling out, they waited until I came up. None of them but Mr. MacKay, as

good a Scotchman as lives, laughed, and I was almost inclined to fling my boot at him. Being a good horseman, and used to the rough roads of Canada, he could keep his seat in the saddle in a way, but the skin of his legs was partly peeled like my own, and his clothes torn in various places.

"After travelling a great way we got to a stream which the guide said had its origin in the iron mountain. Proceeding up the stream to its source, we at last came upon the famous ore-bed, but through excessive fatigue, after having taken a little refreshment, I fell asleep, as did all my companions but one, the enterprising Lord of the Manor of Hull, Indian Chief, Colonel of the 2nd Battalion, etc., etc. Even Colonel By, with bone and muscle and sinew like wrought-iron, who can endure anything and eat anything, even to raw pork, was fagged out, and slept like the rest of us.

"The Chief kindly left us undisturbed for an hour, when he roused us. Traversing these wild mountains in all directions, we were much pleased with the immense specimens of iron ore that appeared everywhere. Mr. MacKay wielded the hammer with masonic skill, and laid the rich ore-beds open to inspection. At one place the mountains are not more than two miles from the first falls of the Gatineau, where machinery

and engines could be erected at moderate rate, as water-power may be had to any extent from the falls. We found an abundance of hardwood, particularly maple, which makes the best charcoal of any. We concluded that this was the best place for iron works in Canada.

"We at length thought of returning to the hotel. Night came on, and in the forenoon of the next day I found myself alive at the Falls of the Chaudiere. The troubles I had undergone were amply repaid. My bruises recovered, the skin came over my arms and legs, but I shall never try to explore the wilds of Canada on horseback again."

"Have you ever tried the experiment, Mr. McNab?" asked the good-natured Scotchman.

"Sir," he replied, disdainfully, "I thought you had known better. Nothing but McNab, if you please—'Mr.' does not belong to me."

Mr. McTaggart expressed his apologies, and there was a lull in the conversation.

"You have quite a fine church," said the Chief, after a time, addressing the Scottish pastor.

"Yes," he replied, "we are indebted to our host for that church. He built it at his own expense while the masons of the public works were awaiting orders from the War Department in England, to widen the locks."

"Why did you call it after St. Andrew?" said

the Chief. "I never could understand why Scotchmen seem to have a monopoly of that saint, and Episcopalians a monopoly of the name of Christ, and Roman Catholics of St. Peter and St. Joseph, in naming their churches. St. Andrew was one of the least known of the honored twelve, and why he should have gained and retained such a grip of Scotland and her scattered children is a mystery to me."

"There, Mr. Cruikshanks," said the Laird, "is a problem for you to solve, for I must admit it is a question beyond my ken."

"The only reason that I can find why St. Andrew is so closely connected with Scotland," replied Mr. Cruikshanks, whose speech was not a little infected with the dialect of southern Scotland, but is here rendered in modern English for the sake of the readers, "is found in most ancient history—it may be legendary. It is this:

"Faithful to the farewell commission of his Master, whom he saw ascend from the brow of Olivet and received into heaven, Andrew spent his missionary life in Scythia and Achaia, and in Patræ, one of its principal cities, he founded a branch of the Church, the success of which brought down upon him the vengeance of the heathen governor, who caused him to be crucified. He was tied to a cross of olive wood in the form of

the letter X. He endured the prolonged agonies of hunger and thirst and pain for many days, until at last the strong heart gave its last beat and his spirit fled to the side of the glorified Christ.

"A woman of wealth and rank obtained possession of the body. The congregation with sorrowing hearts buried it in the little church. There it lay in undisturbed repose during the long stretch of three hundred years.

"Wholesale massacres swept myriads of Christians into martyr graves until a Christian emperor came to the throne, who ordered a great and gorgeous temple to be erected in memory of the apostle in Constantinople.

"Constantine commanded the presiding presbyter"——

"Bishop, you mean," interrupted the rector.

"Presbyter, sir," said the Scotchman, firmly, "of the little church at Petræ to deliver up the body of the martyred apostle that it might rest till the glorious resurrection morn in the grandest mausoleum that Imperial hands could build for it.

"Three days before the messengers arrived, Regulus, the presbyter, dreamed that a messenger from a greater than Constantine ordered him to open the tomb of the saint and to remove part of its contents and hide them in another

place. This he did, and the remainder of the body was removed to Constantinople.

"Some time afterwards Regulus had another dream, when the same messenger appeared to him and warned him to depart from Petræ, and to take with him the bones which he had concealed and to sail to a port to which God would safely guide him.

"Regulus obeyed, and was accompanied by sixteen presbyters and three devout deaconesses, who set sail not knowing whither to steer their course.

"Tossed up and down in Adria, driven by the wind through the dreaded pillars of Hercules, dashed hither and thither in the surging Bay of Biscay, whirled northward by furious hurricanes over the English Channel and the German Ocean, they found themselves shipwrecked in a bay, afterwards known as the Bay of St. Andrews, on the east of Scotland. All else but the precious relics lost, they with difficulty gained the shore.

"On the spot where they landed they built a church, taking for their plan the church at Petræ, and in it they reverently deposited the martyr's bones and called the church and place St. Andrews.

"Dense woods surrounded them, infested with boars and wolves. The barbarians extended to

them a hearty welcome. Regulus, afterwards known in Scottish history as St. Raol, told them of St. Andrew and of his faith in the incarnate God who had come to seek and to save the lost. They listened and believed, and Hangus, the King, with all his subjects shook off Druidical superstition and became Christian, and from St. Andrews streamed through the dark places of the land the true light of the world—the Gospel of Christ as St. Andrew had learned it from the Master himself.

"That, sir," he said, addressing the Chief, "is the reason why we have named the new kirk St. Andrews."

"Interesting—most interesting," said the Laird, who had moved back from the table and sat clasping his right knee with his hands. "The learned son of Auld Scotia has answered the first part of the Chief's question, and we shall look to the rector to explain why the Episcopalians seem to enjoy a monopoly of the name of 'Christ church' in designating their places of worship."

For a moment the cultured young Englishman looked bewildered and confused, for the question had come to him suddenly and unexpectedly. Closing his eyes he repeated the question slowly and thoughtfully, "Why do

churchmen like to confer upon their places of worship the name of Christ?"

"There passes before my mind the vision of a world," he said, still keeping his eyes closed, "which came from the hands of the Creator in a state of perfection and loveliness—a world of spotless purity, a world where all was peace and love, and joy and satisfaction—a heaven of bliss and of ecstasy. A dark shadow crept over it—the shadow of sin—which was soon followed by the darker and more awful shadow of death. Its women were subjected to a life of suffering and sorrow, a life of bondage and tyranny; its men to a life of slavery. The whole creation began to groan and travail in pain. Life was not worth living nor death worth dying, until a Light from heaven shone through the darkness, dispelling the gloom, bringing salvation to sorrowing, sin-burdened souls and hope of complete redemption, when the body shall be raised incorruptible, when the briars and thorns shall disappear, and even the animals shall be emancipated from the bondage and cruelty of man.

"It was the Christ who turned darkness into light. It was the Christ who brought life out of death. It was the Christ who lifted woman from the depths of degradation and placed her in a realm of love and hope. It was the Christ who gave the weary toiler rest.

"Have we not cause to bless God for 'His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ?'"

"That is Presbyterianism," said Mrs. MacKay.

"And that is Episcopalianism," replied the rector.

"We recognize the Christ as the head of the Church," said the Laird.

"And so do we," said the rector, "and if I had the naming of ten thousand churches, sir, I would call each one '*Christ* church,' and I would have a cross on each somewhere to remind the people of the fact that He left the heaven of glory to suffer and die for them, that He might bring them into the fulness of joy which He originally designed for them."

"You surprise me," said the Laird, "for I had come to regard the Established Church of England as dead in formalism. I have not found so great faith before—no, not in the Church of England."

"Then you had better become a little more intimately acquainted with it," good-naturedly rejoined the young rector, and the conversation turned into other topics.

CHAPTER XXII.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

1839.

SPRING had come. The aged Chief, who had passed the seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth, sat propped up with pillows gazing at the swollen torrent, with its seething, tumbling mass of white foam, as it rushed with resistless power into the big cauldron below.

Through the half-open window the fragrance of blossoming fruit-trees found its way into the room. From the eastern window he could see the smoke rising from his innumerable factories and mills; through the southern one the burnished roofs and steeples of the opposite cliffs sparkled and glittered in the sunshine.

As he gazed thoughtfully at the panorama before him, he said to Chrissy, who with her husband had carefully nursed him for five years while suffering with a broken thigh, occasioned by a fall on the pavement near the St. Louis gate at Quebec:

"It makes one think of time as it rolls on like a mighty rushing river soon to lose itself in the vast sea of eternity."

Chrissy sat by his bedside reading, and seemed oblivious to the remark. At length, looking up from the book with a face beaming with satisfaction, she said:

"Do you know what the Surveyor-General says of you, father? I have just been reading a marked copy of his Topographical Report to William IV., which Mr. Papineau has sent, and in which he says, after describing the advanced stage of civilization found in our township:

"'From whence are all these benefits derived? Whose persevering talent and enterprising spirit first pierced the gloom of these forests and converted a wilderness of trees into fields of corn? Whose industrious hand first threw into the natural desert the seeds of plenty and prosperity?

"'The answer is—Mr. Philemon Wright. Through hardships, privations, and dangers that would have appalled an ordinary mind, he penetrated an almost inaccessible country, and where he found desolation and solitude he introduced civilization and the useful arts, and by his almost unaided skill and indefatigable industry the savage paths of a dreary wilderness have been changed into the cheerful haunts of men. The gloomy upland forests have given way to smiling corn-fields. The wet and wild savannas, sinking under stunted spruce and cedar, have been cleared and drained into luxuriant meadows.

The perilous water-fall, whose hoarse noise was once the frightful voice of an awful solitude, is rendered obedient to the laws of art, and now converts the majestic tenants of the forest into the habitations of man and grinds his food. The rivers and lakes, once fruitful in vain, now breed their living produce for the use of human beings, and with deep, rapid current transport on their smooth glassy surface the fruits of his industry. The deep recesses of the earth are made to expose their mineral treasures from the birth-day of time concealed.

"'In short, the judicious and persevering industry of one successful adventurer has converted all the rude vantages of primeval nature into the germs of agricultural, manufacturing and commercial prosperity.'

"It is true," she said, with great enthusiasm. "They may well appreciate the great work you have done."

The tribute of praise seemed to make no impression on the Chief, who sat silent and motionless, as though lost in thought.

"Shall I read to you, father, dear?"

"You may if you like," he said.

"What would you like me to read?" she asked.

"Read something that Solomon has written," said the Chief, who was a grand Arch Mason and Knight of Malta, and who was not very

familiar with the writings of Solomon or any of the writers of Scripture.

Turning over the leaves of her well-worn Bible, Chrissy read from the second chapter of Ecclesiastes the following words:

"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, . . . also I had great possessions of great and small cattle; . . . I gathered me also silver and gold, . . . so I was great, and increased more than all that were before me; . . . also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in my labour. . . . Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

The Chief gave a deep groan which caused Chrissy to close the book hurriedly. Taking his hand gently in hers, she said:

"I fear that I have wearied you, or is it the old pain again?"

"It is true! it is true!" he said. "When I look

back over the past achievements of my life they are of no profit when viewed in the light of eternity. The sun that has lighted our way, dear child, is going down in a cloud—a dark, dark cloud!"

"Why is that, dear father? Have you not lived up to the family motto—*Mens conscia recti*? Have you not always followed the dictates of conscience?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Have you kept every command in the decalogue?"

"Yes," he said, confidently.

"And have you loved the Lord God with *all* your mind and with *all* your strength, and your neighbor as yourself? Have you always put God *first* in everything?"

Here the aged Chief hesitated. Tears were in his eyes, his hand trembled, a look of pain came into his face, as he replied:

"No, Chrissy, I have not."

"Then you have broken the first and greatest command of God," she said, "and St. Paul has said: 'Condemned is every one that continues not in *all* things which are written in the book of the law to do them.' If dark clouds are overshadowing you, dear father, may it not be because you have broken the law of God and are under His condemnation?"

"I had hoped for comfort from you," he said, coldly, "but you have made me miserably unhappy."

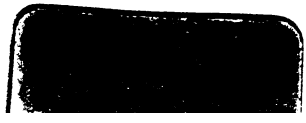
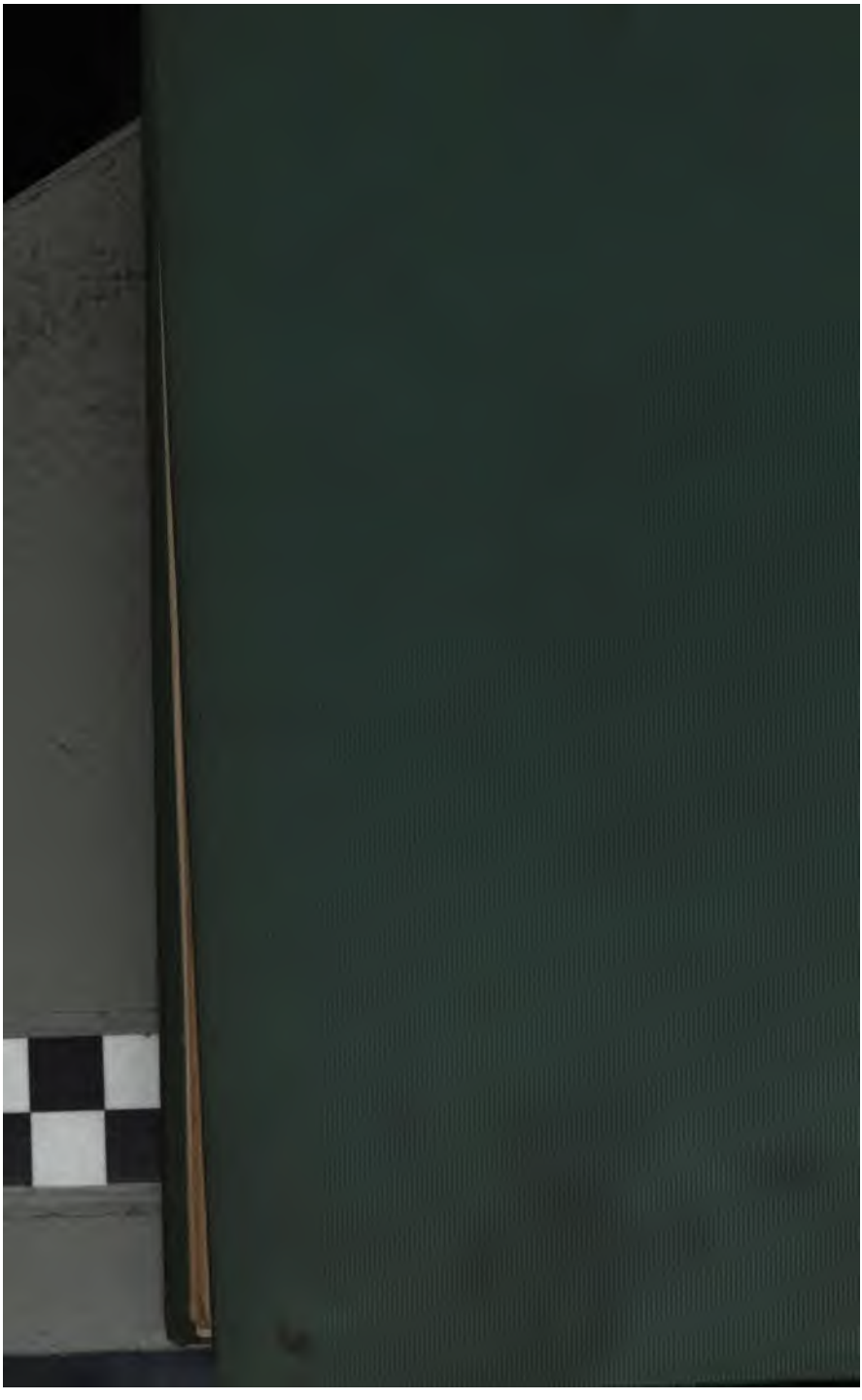
"Wait," said Chrissy. "This is the comforting thing about it all. It says here in Galatians: 'Christ hath redeemed us from the condemnation of the law, having been condemned for us.'"

"Then if He paid the penalty of the faults and failures of my life, I suppose I should have no anxious thought about the future."

"Quite so," said Chrissy.

"I never saw it in that light before," he said. "Why did you not tell me this before, child?"

"Because," she replied, "I feared that you would scoff at my 'Quakerism,' as the boys call it."

In the few short weeks that followed, confidence and hope rose triumphant over physical weakness and mental depression, and on the second of June, 1839, the White Chief of the Ottawa passed through "the valley of the shadow." To him it was not a dark valley, however, for shadows cannot be seen in the dark. The Light of the World, whom he had lost sight of for the best part of his life, was there, and all was peace.

THE END.